

...A HORROR-MOOD LURKS HERE...

NIGHTMARE



47364

T.M.

60c

NO. 10
DECEMBER 1972

This is the
EVIL LUNATIC
THING
OF THE
PRINCESS
OF
EARTH!



C.W. Kelly

A SKYWALD HORROR-MOOD PUBLICATION

...INSIDE THIS MANIACAL THEATER OF HORRORS AWAITS UNNAMEABLE ABOINATIONS FOR THIS IS A FAT-PACKAGE-OF-AWFUL-COMPOUND-BAT-BLEEDING-ARCHAIC-DESTRUCTION THAT NOW BEGINS, PATHETICALLY, TO OVERCOME YOU AS YOU WORREDDY REACH UNDECIDED LIMITS INSIDE YOUR BUSTED BRAIN ...YOU'RE BEGINNING TO FEEL IT NOW...GRABBING FOR YOUR NERVES AND SENSE OF SELF-CONTROL...-TYING YOU UP INTO A TINY LITTLE BALL OF FRENCH-FRIED- FEAR THAT MEANS YOU ARE SLOWLY SLIPPING AWAY FROM SANITY... FOR AN ERA SLOWLY BEGINS WITHIN THIS TORTURED TITAN OF AN ISSUE...AN ISSUE FROUGHT WITH **EVIL LUNATIC THINGS** LIKE ...:

ON PAGE 4...THIS IS THE **EVIL LUNATIC THING OF THE PRINCESS OF EARTH**...AND EMERGE...TINY, DISGUSTING, YET ALIVE...CREEPING,CRAWLING ACROSS TO SPACESHIP MOTHER WHERE IT NESTLES IN THE ARM OF SEETHING UNNAMEABLE OTHER-WORLD METALS...

ON PAGE 11...**FROGS**...AND NOW THE TOADS,FROGGIES, SALAMANDERS, SNAKES, LIZARDS, SPIDERS, AND THE ENTIRE EVERGLADES EMPIRE ARE IN REVOLT...

ON PAGE 14...**FUNERAL BARGE**...AND AS IT YAWNED A BACK HOLE IN ITS GUT SLOWLY WIDENED...WIDENED TO WELCOME ITS CRAWLING, SEETHING GICKENING, HORRIBLY HEAVING FOOD WHICH FLOATED UPON THAT BIZARRE BARGE LIKE AN ARCHAIC ARROW AT THE DISGUSTING SQUALID STOMACH OF THAT GREAT CARNIVOROUS CASTLE...

ON PAGE 21...**SATAN'S CELLAR**...WHEN YOU'RE FINISHED WOMAN...TURN...TO SEE THE FINGERS ...TURN TO SEE THE 9 FINGERS...NOW THERE ARE 18 FINGERS...NOW THERE ARE 24...35 FINGERS...COUNT 'EM... FEEL THEM...COMING AT YOU...

ON PAGE 27...**A BUNCH OF QUESTIONS**... ON PAGE 30 **PROVERBIAL KILLER**...DON'T GIVE ME THAT, YOU CRAWLING WORM! YOU MORON! YOU SPINELESS, FAITHLESS CREEP...YOU JELLY-LIVERED RUIN...

ON PAGE 37...**DEMONIC POSSESSION**...I SEEK THE POSSESSION OF A MAN BY A DEMON...I WANT REVENGE ON THIS MAN--I WANT HIM TO BE IN AGONY...

ON PAGE 41...**GAME OF SKILL**...WHAT WOULD HAVE HAPPENED IF THAT FIRST PACK OF HUMANS HAD NOT OUT-NUMBERED THEIR PREY?

ON PAGE 42...**NIGHTMARE WORLD #3... THEY CRAWLED OUT OF THE CRATER**...I FELT MYSELF BEING PULLED...FROM BEHIND...BY WHAT ONLY SATAN KNEW...FOR AS I LOOKED AT THEIR FURRY HANDS I REALIZED THEY WERE NOT OF MY EARTH...

ON PAGE 48...**BLACK COMMUNION**...AFTER ALL THESE YEARS OF DEATH, AGAIN HE LIVES TO WALK...

ON PAGE 58...**THE HUMAN GARGOYLES IN ONE AND ONE EQUALS THREE**...2 DOLLARS -- 2 DOLLARS LADEES AND GENTLEMEN... 2 DOLLARS TO SEE THE BABY-FREAK... THE HUMAN GARGOYLE CHILD...

...THIS IS WHAT AWAITS YOU WITHIN UNDER A COVER BY KEN KELLY...BY CONTRIBUTORS... MACABRE MAELO CINTRON... DEATHLY DELA ROSA... EMOTIONALLY DISTURBED ED FEDORY... FEARFUL FERRER... ROTTEN RUBEN LARA... PARANDIC PABLO MARCOS... DYING DOUG WOENCH... VISCIOUS VILLANOVA... BEASTLY BASIL WOLVERTON... GRAIN-EATING BERNI WRIGHTSON AND XERODERMATIC XIRINIUS...
...PHASE ONE...OF THE **HORROR MOOD**...

ISRAEL WALDMAN
HERSCHEL WALDMAN
PUBLISHERS

NIGHTMARE

ARCHAIC
ALAN HEWETSON
EDITOR
DECEMBER 1972...# 10



PABLO MARCOS



ETEE HEEE

SEEH HEHE...
HELLO...WELCOME
TO THE PARA-
ASTONISHING
ISSUE IN PHASE-ONE
OF THE CHOKEE
HORROR-MOOD...

...HEREIN IS WHERE WE
LURCH INTO LUNACY AS THE
PRINCESS OF EARTH AND
HER **evil** OTHER-WORLD-THING
SING MAD MELODIES OF THE WAY
THINGS **should** HAVE BEEN...
EGASPE UNTIL SOMEBODY
SCUTTLED HER SPACE-SHUTTLE...
ETEE HEEE

...AND CHAPTER ECHOKEE TWO
OF THE EVER-CONTINUING **HUMAN
GARGOYLES** COMES TO TEAR YOUR
heart OPEN WHEN **1 AND 1 EQUALS 3**...
WHICH IS AS GOOD A WAY AS ANY
ETEE HEEE TO ANNOUNCE A NEW
MEMBER OF THE ASTONISHING
MOOD-TEAM... BID WEIRD
WELCOME TO **MACABRE MAELO
CINTRON**... EGASPE...

...AND WE'VE GOT LOTS OF
OTHER AWFUL THINGS INSIDE...
LIKE **FROGS** (WE'VE GOT A LOT
OF **FROGS** IN THIS ISSUE)... AND
CORPSES (ETEE HEEE)... AND **NIGHTMARES**
(ONE OF YOURS APPEARS HEREIN)... AND
WE HAVE A **BLACK COMMUNION**
AND A **PROVERBIAL KILLER** AND
WE ALSO HAVE **BEASTLY BASIL
WOLVERTON** WITH A MILLION OF HIS
TINY LITTLE LINES... AND **ARCHAIC AL**...
BOOH OOOH EGASPE LURKING LEADER
OF THE MANIACAL **MOOD-TEAM**
(ETEE HEEE)... HE'S LOOKING OVER
YOUR shoulder IN THE CANDY
STORE right NOW!!!

...SO WE SAY HELLO WITH A CERTAIN AMOUNT
OF HORRIFIC ENTERTAINMENT (ETEE HEEE)
TO BACK UP OUR INVITATION ECHOKEE TO
EGASPE JOIN US HEREIN... SO WHY WATHEREP
TURN TO WHERE WE START THIS **NAUGHTY**
ETEE HEEE

NIGHTMARE ISSUE # 10...

... ALSO KNOWN... hehehehe hehehe
...AS THE **BLOATED FAT-ONE** !!

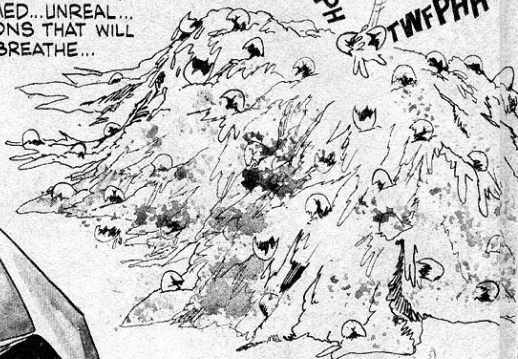
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WITHOUT THE EXPRESS PERMISSION OF THE PUBLISHER. PRINTED IN CANADA.

NEW YORK, N.Y. 10017.
IMBLANCE OF CHARACTERS
EPRINTED IN ANY FORM

...THE COMPUTER CONTINUES NIGHT BY NIGHT
BY NIGHT TO BLEED CORRUPT, FETID EGGS
FROM ITS BELLY...



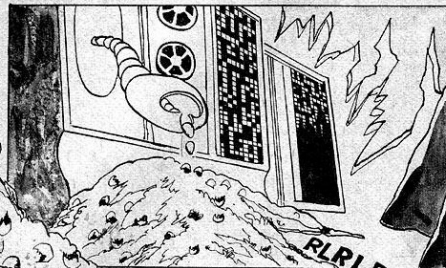
...AS THEY FALL TO THE FLOOR
OF THE CAVE THEY BREAK...
CONTENTS SPACE-SPAWNED
AND UNHOLY FALL AND SPILL
ONTO THE GROUND...
UNFORMED...UNREAL...
CREATIONS THAT WILL
NEVER BREATHE...



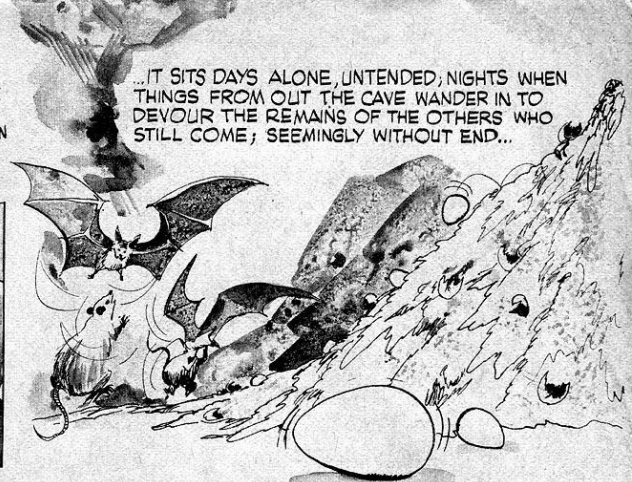
...THEN IT CRACKS...
AND OTHER-EARTH
SMELLS FILTER INTO
OURS...THE THING
INSIDE TWISTS AND
WRITHES TO BREAK
THE YELLOW SHELL...



ONE FINALLY FALLS THAT DOES NOT BREAK...
DOES NOT EVEN CRACK... PERHAPS IT IS MADE
OF STERNER STUFF... FOR AS IT ROLLS AWAY
FROM THE FETID MESS OF THE UNKNOWN UNBORN
BEHIND IT THE EGG WITHSTANDS THE MIGHTY
PRESSURES AND GRAVITIES OF THE EARTH IT
WAS NEVER MEANT TO KNOW...



...IT SITS DAYS ALONE, UNTENDED; NIGHTS WHEN
THINGS FROM OUT THE CAVE WANDER IN TO
DEVOUR THE REMAINS OF THE OTHERS WHO
STILL COME; SEEMINGLY WITHOUT END...



...AND EMERGES... TINY, DISGUSTING, YET ALIVE...
CREEPING, CRAWLING ACROSS TO SPACESHIP
MOTHER WHERE IT NESTLES IN THE ARM OF
SEETHING UNNAMEABLE OTHER-WORLD METALS...



...AND LONG MOMENTS LATER, ACTUALLY DAYS, STANDS HIGH
AND MIGHTY AS AN ENTITY... WALKS FROM ITS SPACESHIP
MOTHER TO THE OUTSIDE...



...AND DESCENDS INTO OUR
EARTH... DESCENDS INTO THE
SLIME SWAMP AND GRAY
GROWTH THAT SURROUNDS
THIS PLACE... VANISHES... TO BE
SEEN AGAIN LATER... BUT
MUCH LATER... FOR NOW
STARTS OUR TALE... OF THE

PRINCESS OF EARTH!

AL HEWETSON + PABLO MARCOS



...NOW MEET THE WOMAN CALLED LISA... THE GIRL THEY SAY LOOKS LIKE GARLAND AND SINGS LIKE GARLAND... BUT WE SAY **NO**... WE SAY SHE IS A FACE AND A VOICE UNTO HER **OWN**... WHICH FASCINATES AND TORMENTS YOU AS YOU BLINDLY SUCK THE PLEASURES OF HER BEING...

...AND HER VOICE SHIPS YOU REELING TO ANOTHER TIME AND PLACE ...ANOTHER **WORLD**...

I AM...
THE PRINCESS
OF EAAAAARTH...
I KNOW NOT THE PLACE OF...
...MY BIRRRRTH...

...IN THIS...
...OR ANY OTHER...
ETERNNNN-ITTEEEEE...

...BUT I SING...
...TO YOU...
...A SONG...
...THAT...I KNOW WILL COMMMME...
TO BEEE-LONNNGG...

...THE SWAMP WATERS TURN MURKY AS THEY BUBBLE... THE MUD CHOKES AS IT HEAVES AND LIFTS AND TWISTS...

...THIS... IS...THE...
...WAAAAAY MY FRIENDS TO BEE...
...LIFE IS MEANT TO LOVVE AND BEEEEE...
UNBOUNDED AND HAPPY AND FREE...

...MUD DRIPS FROM THE THING AS IT CREEPS OUT THE SEWER SWAMP... WARPED TREE - LEAVES RUSTLE AS IT BREATHES IT'S FIRST BREATH OF LIFE IN MONTHS...

...IT COMES... DRAWN BY THE SOUND OF THE VOICE OVER MANY MILES... COMES BLINDLY... LISTENING... DRAWN TO THE VOICE...

...NOW THE WOMAN LISA-PRINCESS OF EARTH-BOWS DEEPLY TO AN AUDIENCE GONE MAD...CLAPPING AND CHEERING THE WEIRD WOMAN WHO STANDS ON THE LUNATIC SPECIAL DESIGN **PENTAGRAM** SHE UNKNOWINGLY, UNWITTINGLY USES MERELY AS AN **EFFECT**...



...AS I USUALLY DO AT THIS MOMENT IN MY PERFORMANCE... I'D LIKE TO PAUSE TO TELL YOU THE STORY OF MY LIFE...

...IT WILL TAKE BUT A **MINUTE**...

...I KNOW **NOT** OF MY ORIGINS...

...WHAT BEGINNINGS ARE MINE I CANNOT TELL YOU... I KNOW ONLY OF THESE LAST FEW MONTHS AMONG YOU... SINGING... ENTERTAINING HOWEVER I CAN...

THE THING **STOPS**... SHUDDERS...LISTENS FOR THE SOUND OF THE VOICE...HEARS NOTHING...ITS MIND CREEKS AT THE JOINTS...STRAINING TO **HEAR**...



...THE THING IS NEARER NOW...NO LONGER MUST IT STRAIN TO LISTEN... HE IS ONLY **FOOTSTEPS** AWAY FROM THE SOURCE OF THE SOUND...

THE PRINCESS OF EARTH

THANK YOU... THANK YOU LADIES AND GENTLEMEN...



...THE THING HEARS THE VOICE AGAIN... AND CONTINUES TO WALK TO THE SOUND...



PERHAPS IT IS WHAT IS CALLED **AMNESIA**...

...MORE LIKELY MY HISTORY CAN BE EXPLAINED **ANOTHER** WAY...

...A WAY AT THIS TIME I KNOW NOT...



...NOW THE THING DRAGS HIS PRINCESS...

...DRAGS HER BACK...

...COME... YOU HAVE FORGOTTEN THINGS YOU MUST TEND TO...

...YOU HAVE FORGOTTEN US... LEFT US US ALONE TOO **LONG** MY PRINCESS...

...THINGS YOU MUST TEND TO... THINGS YOU MUST REMEMBER...



GOD ALMIGHTY... SOME... SOME KIND OF DEMON...

MY GOD-- WHAT IS IT?



...DRAGS HER BACK
TO THE CAVE...DUMPS
HER IN THE MESS SHE
HAS LONG, CRUELY
FORGOTTEN...
NEGLECTED...



...THEN STUMBLES BACK...
WATCHES HER REMEMBER...

... SENT TO BE MOTHER-
HATCH OF EARTH-SPAWN...
I HAD FORGOTTEN...
AFTER THE **CRASH**...
FORGOTTEN MY
BABIES... NOW THEY
FALL AND **SMASH**...
...WASTED LIFE...
...WASTED...

... MY
RESPONSIBILITY...



I AM...
THE PRINCESS...
OF EARRRRTHHH...

...THE PRINCESS OF EARTH... LIKE THE
QUEEN-BEE... NOW TENDS AND FEEDS
HER YOUNG... THESE SPACE-SPAWNED
COME TO COLONIZE PLANET-EARTH...

...THE QUEEN MOTHER MUST NEVER KNOW
OF THE SHAME OF HER DAUGHTER'S
NEGLECT... IN A FEW DAYS SHE'LL BE SENT
A REPORT... ACKNOWLEDGING EARTH-
SPAWN'S PROGRESS...

...AND THE QUEEN OF MARS WILL BE
PROUD OF HER DUTIFUL DAUGHTER... THE
EVER-PREGNANT PRINCESS OF
COLONY : EARTH...



... there are not only millions of frogs in **FROGS** but millions of rats, bats, snakes, lizards, insects, alligators, and other 2 legged, 4 legged, 6 legged and many-legged creeping creatures... all of them **MURDERORS** in the first degree...

... in the 42nd Street N.Y. theater where we attended the showing of **FROGS** we were astonished before we even walked in the front door... because... **NO KIDDING**... as we handed our ticket to the old doorman we **DISTINCTLY** heard him **SINGING**: '... there are millions... oh!!... there are millions and billions and trillions of little froggies inside... lovely little froggies...' (That's the truth - although we know no-one will believe us) **THAT** provided us with a strange but eminently suitable admittance to:

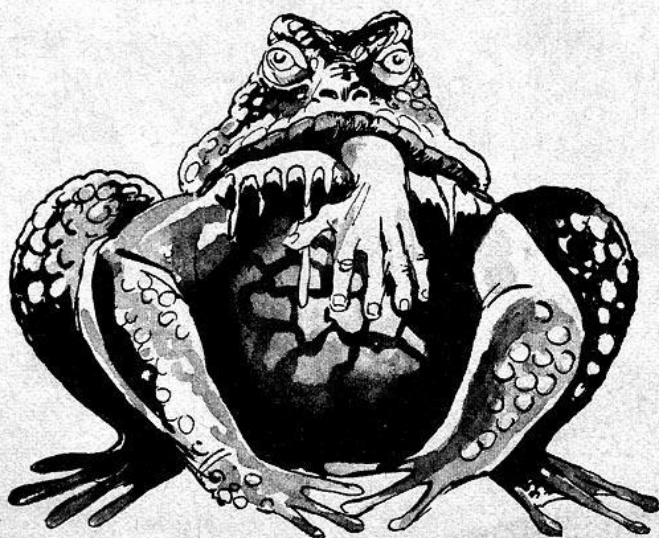
FROGS



AMERICAN INTERNATIONAL's production features fear film veteran **RAY MILLAND** (remember **THE PREMATURE BURIAL**: 1961?) whose performance as a crabby old Everglades swamp-dweller has got to be seen to be believed... never, in our opinion, has a crabby old Everglades swamp-dweller been portrayed so well...

MOVIE MACABRE newcomer **SAM ELLIOT** portrayed Pickett Smith, who appears as the hero of the film... his performance, while hardly outstanding - was 'durable' - and notable in that he's scripted as being just about the only person in the picture (along with **JOAN VAN ARK** as Karen Crockett and children **HAL HODGES** and **DALE WILLINGHAM** as Jay and Trina Crockett) who escape the vengeance of the swamp creatures - bent (all of them) in destroying the entire human race...

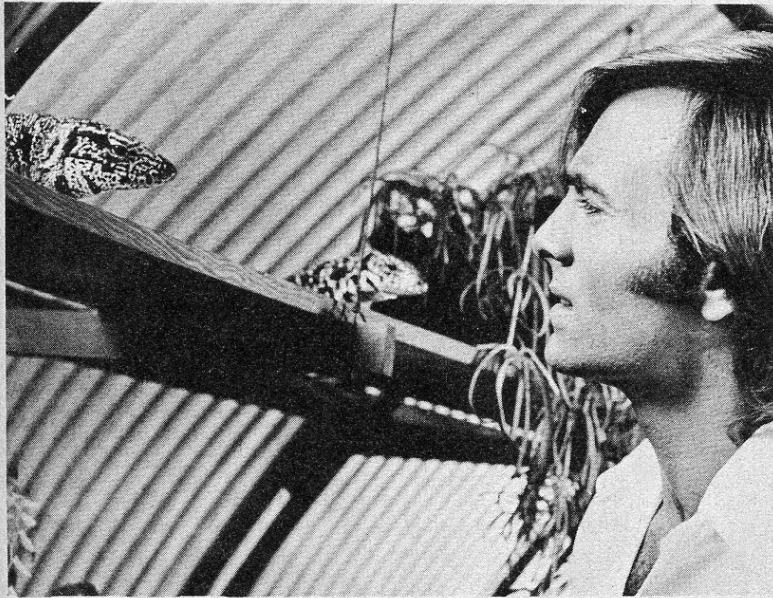
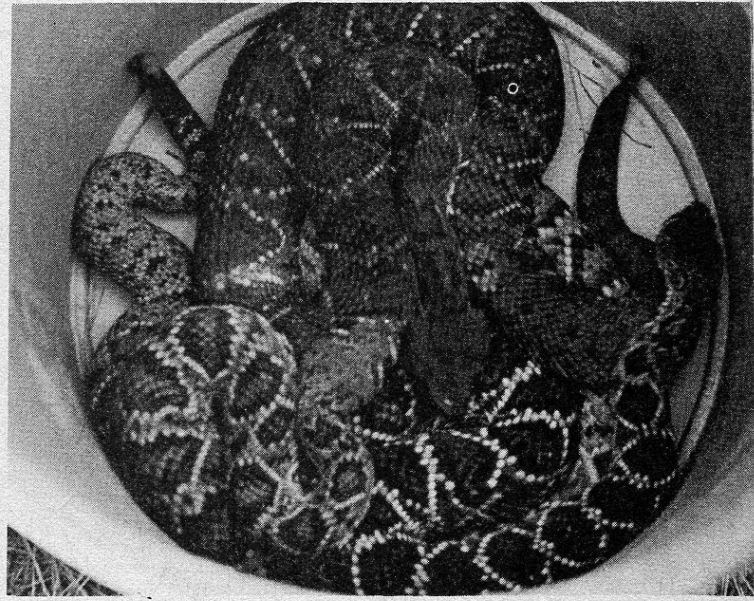
... besides constantly crawling over everything (as eminently depicted in the Brain-eating Berni Wrightson illustration to the right) the froggies seem to have an abnormal lunatic-moodish **PLAN** in mind... a **PURPOSE** to their actions... it appears that old Jason Crockett has been playing havoc with pesticides and the like... and now the toads, froggies, salamanders, snakes, lizards, spiders, and the entire Everglades empire are in **REVOLT**...



Death comes in awkward awful ways to the group of creeps gathered to celebrate the old man's birthday at his ancestral mansion. . . no one in the theater feels sorry AT ALL as people die right, left and center in the weirdest ways . . .

. . . a caretaker is found dead in the swamp with frogs and lizards all about, a man is suffocated to death as scorpions and tarantulas spin a web around his throat, another dies in a green house when giant lizards knock over containers of deadly insecticide spray (in a cleverly photographed and dramatic scene), a woman is bled to death by leaches, another man is devoured by an alligator, another is eaten alive by macabre unidentified fish, while his wife is dragged underwater and drowned by a huge turtle. . .





...and not that we want to give-away the *ENDING* of *FROGS* (because this is a fright fantasy we *RECOMMEND*)...but...yes, old crotchety Jason (RAY MILLAND) Crockett gets 'croaked' by the froggies too...

GOOD EVENING DETECTIVE SERGEANT WALTER CROWD... HARDLY A NICE NIGHT TONIGHT, BUT YOU DON'T APPEAR TO **NOTICE**... OR CARE... YOU LOOK A BIT **DEAD** -- BUT WE KNOW YOU'RE NOT... ALTHOUGH PERHAPS YOU'D HONOR US WITH AN EXPLANATION...
...ONE WITH WHICH WE'D START OUR TALE... OF...

THE FUNERAL BARGE

HEWETSON
AND XIRINIUS



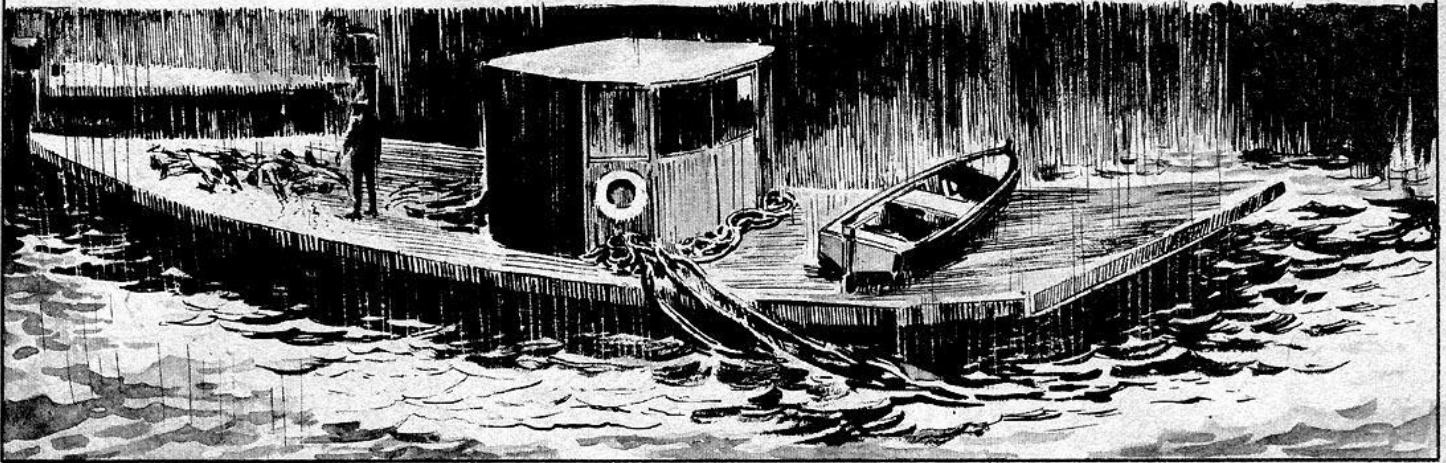
"...THE FUNERAL BARGE... OH MY GOD... I WISH I'D NEVER HEARD OF IT! EVEN THE FIRST NIGHT I FELT DEATH ALL AROUND ME... NOT JUST THE DEATH OF BEING SURROUNDED BY DECAYING **CORPSES**... BUT THE KNOWLEDGE THAT HORRIBLY SPAT ON MY SPIRIT... DISGUSTINGLY TORTURED MY SOUL..."



"...MY BLACK NOTEBOOK STARTS AT 10:00 THAT EVIL NIGHT... STARTS AS I AM THROWN LIKE DEAD WEIGHT ONTO OTHER LIMP-LIFELESS BEINGS WHOSE BODY ODOR FILLED MY NOSTRILS WITH DISGUST AND TEASINGLY THREATENED TO REVOLT MY STOMACH..."



"... THEN CAME MUCH CHUGGING... \ni CHUG \ni SPIT \ni CHUG \ni CHOKE \ni ... AND THE LONG BLACK FLOATING RELIC OF OLD ENGLAND'S WATERWAYS CAME INTO SIGHT SIHLOETTED BY THE WHITE MOON... IT'S FETID DECKS FILLED WITH **HUMAN REMAINS**..."



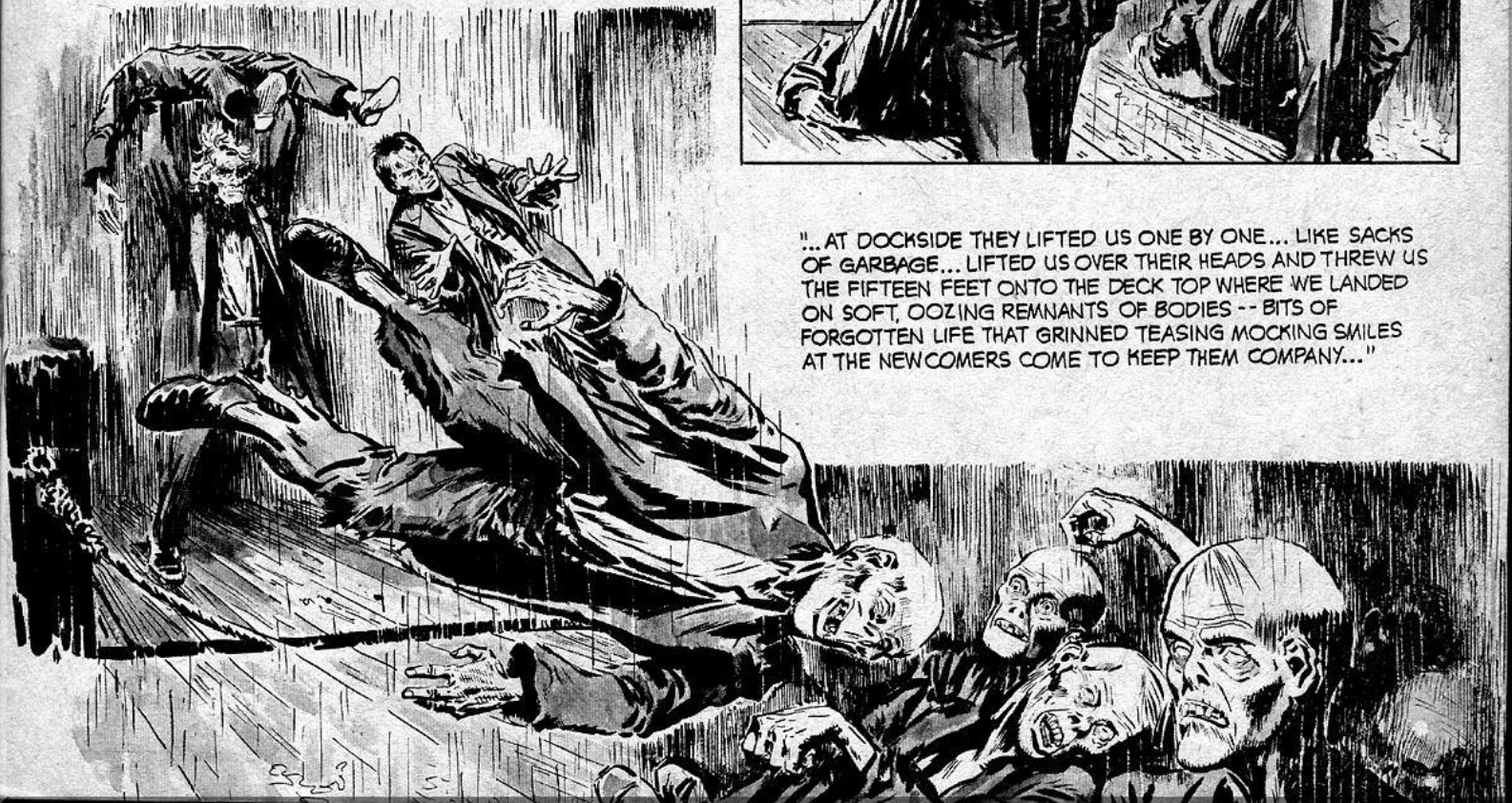
"...THE ENGINES LULLED AS IT DOCKED AT THE SMALL WHARF... LOW VOICES GUTTERINGLY CHOKED THE NIGHT AIR... MONEY MADE OF PAPER WAS SWIFTLY PAID OVER... THE 3 CREWMEN TURNED AND BLINKED THROUGH THE RAIN TO SEE US LYING IN A HEAP... TO SEE **CORPSES** LYING IN POOLS OF MUDDY THAMES WATER AND THEIR OWN COLD BLOOD..."



"...THEY CAME OVER AND PICKED UP OUR FEET... BEGAN TO WALK BACK TO THE BARGE... DRAGGING US... OUR HEADS BOUNCED ALONG THE WET BOARDS... COLLECTING SPLINTERS AND SLIVERS WHICH STUCK INTO OUR SKULLS..."



"... AT DOCKSIDE THEY LIFTED US ONE BY ONE... LIKE SACKS OF GARBAGE... LIFTED US OVER THEIR HEADS AND THREW US THE FIFTEEN FEET ONTO THE DECK TOP WHERE WE LANDED ON SOFT, OOZING REMNANTS OF BODIES -- BITS OF FORGOTTEN LIFE THAT GRINNED TEASING MOCKING SMILES AT THE NEWCOMERS COME TO KEEP THEM COMPANY..."



"...THE RUMBLING CHUGGING FROM BELOW DECK CHURNED TO A STEADY GROAN WHICH BOUNCED THE BODIES SURROUNDING ME... HEAVING THEM... PULSING THEM LIKE THEY WERE ALIVE ONCE AGAIN..."



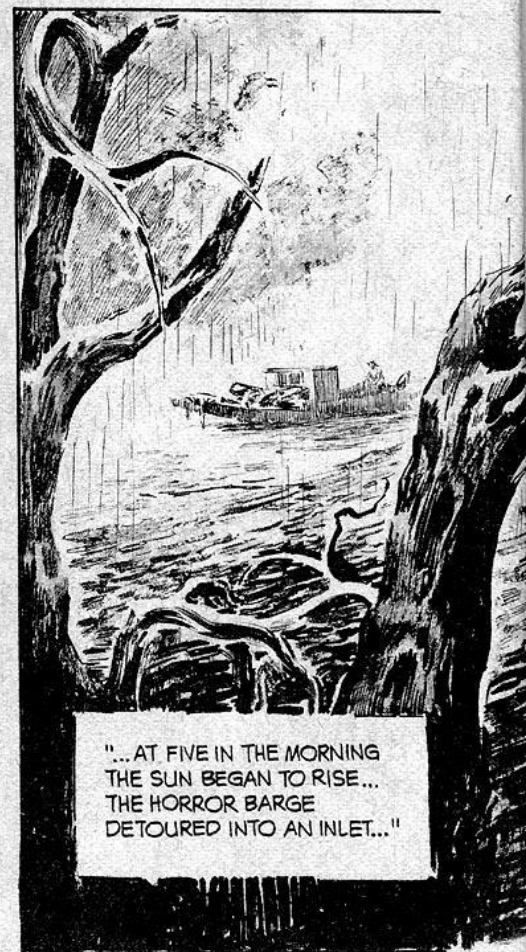
"...THE CREWMEN SAID NOTHING... THEY SAT AROUND WITH ZOMBIE STARES... UNSMOKING... UNDRINKING... UNLIVING -- PAYING NO HEED TO THE CORPSES -- IGNORING THE STENCH THAT PHYSICALLY FILLED THE NIGHT AIR..."



"...THE LIGHTLESS BARGE SEEMED MERELY TO DRIFT KNOWINGLY IN THE DIRECTION OF THE SLOW-MOVING RIVER... IN A PILOT HOUSE NEAR THE BACK OF THE BARGE A MAN STOOD WITH THE RUDDER-WHEEL IN HIS HANDS ...IT DID NOT TURN OR SEEM TO MOVE ...NEITHER DID HE..."



"...THIS HAS HAPPENED **BEFORE**... THIS DEATH BARGE HAS BEEN SEEN FLOATING DOWN RIVER ...STOPPING HERE AND THERE TO PICK UP CORPSES... I WAS SENT ABOARD, POSING AS A DEAD-MAN, TO FIND OUT **WHY**... TO FIND OUT WHERE IT GOES AND **WHY**... SENT BY MY EMPLOYER: **SCOTLAND YARD**... TO FIND IF THE REASON WAS LEGAL OR... OTHERWISE..."

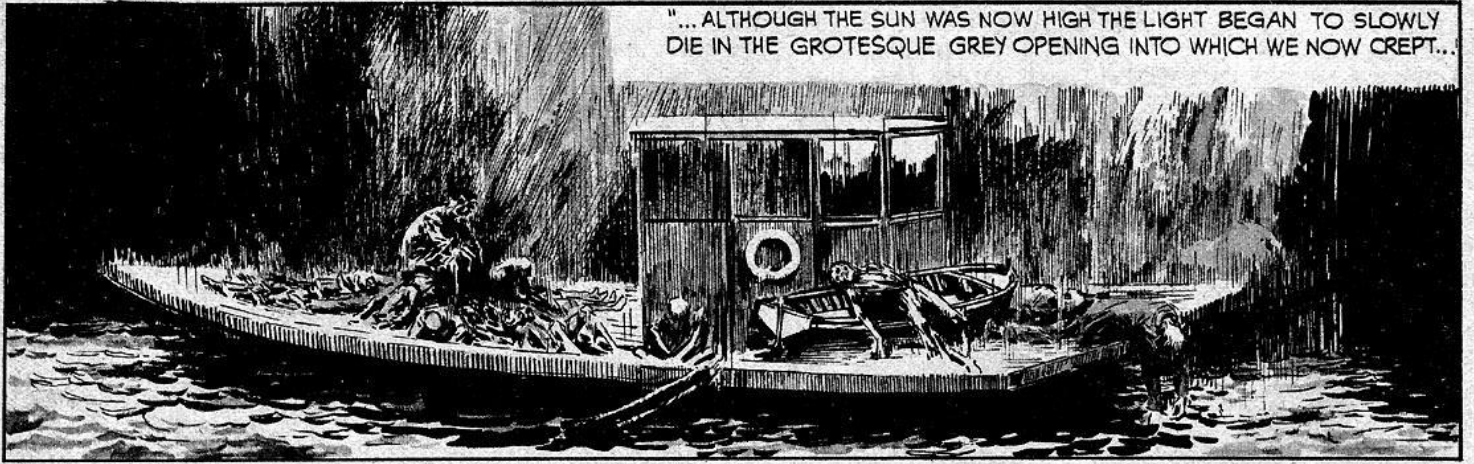


"...AT FIVE IN THE MORNING THE SUN BEGAN TO RISE... THE HORROR BARGE DETOURED INTO AN INLET..."

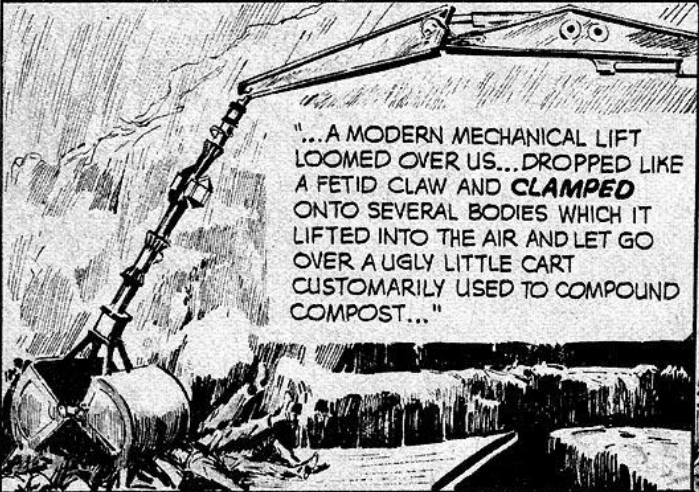


"...AND A SIGHT GLUTTED MY EYES I CAN SCARCELY EVER FORGET... A CASTLE OUT OF HELL THAT ROSE LIKE SOME MACABRE GROWING THING... GREW OUT OF THE WATER ... GREW AND BREATHED... AND AS IT YAWNED A BLACK HOLE IN ITS GUT SLOWLY WIDENED ... WIDENED TO WELCOME ITS CRAWLING, SEETHING, SICKENING, HORRIBLY HEAVING FOOD WHICH FLOATED UPON THIS BIZARRE BARGE NOW AIMED LIKE AN ARCHAIC ARROW AT THE DISGUSTING SQUALID STOMACH OF THAT GREAT CARNIVOROUS CASTLE..."

"...ALTHOUGH THE SUN WAS NOW HIGH THE LIGHT BEGAN TO SLOWLY
DIE IN THE GROTESQUE GREY OPENING INTO WHICH WE NOW CREPT..."



"...INSIDE THERE WAS UTTER SILENCE... ONLY ONCE
BROKEN BY THE SUDDEN **PFFUD** OF THE BARGE HITTING
THE STONE DOCK..."



"...A MODERN MECHANICAL LIFT
LOOMED OVER US...DROPPED LIKE
A FETID CLAW AND **CLAMPED**
ONTO SEVERAL BODIES WHICH IT
LIFTED INTO THE AIR AND LET GO
OVER A UGLY LITTLE CART
CUSTOMARILY USED TO COMPOUND
COMPOST..."

"...BACK IT CAME AGAIN...LIFTING
LIMP HUMAN CORPSES AND
DUMPING THEM INTO THE COMPOST
HEAP... THEN AS IT RETURNED FOR
ITS FINAL LOAD I FELT MY
HEART LEAP INTO MY STOMACH
AND MY MIND GO MAD...FOR THE
SILVER MECHANICAL CLAWS
CAUGHT MY ARM AND **CLENCHED**
AND **DUG** INTO IT DEEPLY... I
BEGAN TO SCREAM AND DUG MY
TEETH INTO THE ARM OF A
NEIGHBORING 'PASSENGER' TO
PREVENT THE **BELLOW** OF
HORROR THAT WOULD'VE SPEWED
FROM MY **THROAT**..."



"...THEN THE CART WAS PULLED BY THE SHROUDED THINGS INTO THE GROTESQUE CORRIDORS OF THE CASTLE... THE BODIES BOUNCED ON THE CART AS IT PASSED OVER THE CRACKS IN THE STONE FLOOR... AND WE BECAME FINALLY BATHED IN LIGHT... BATHED IN THE LIGHT OF UTTER **INHUMAN DEPRAVITY**..."



"...THE HUNGRY THINGS GRABBED AT US... PULLED... CLAWED... THEN SLITHERED INTO CORNERS WITH THEIR CHOICE OF FOODSTUFFS..."



"...THEY WERE **VAMPIRES**..."

... SOMEHOW I GOT TO MY **FEET**...

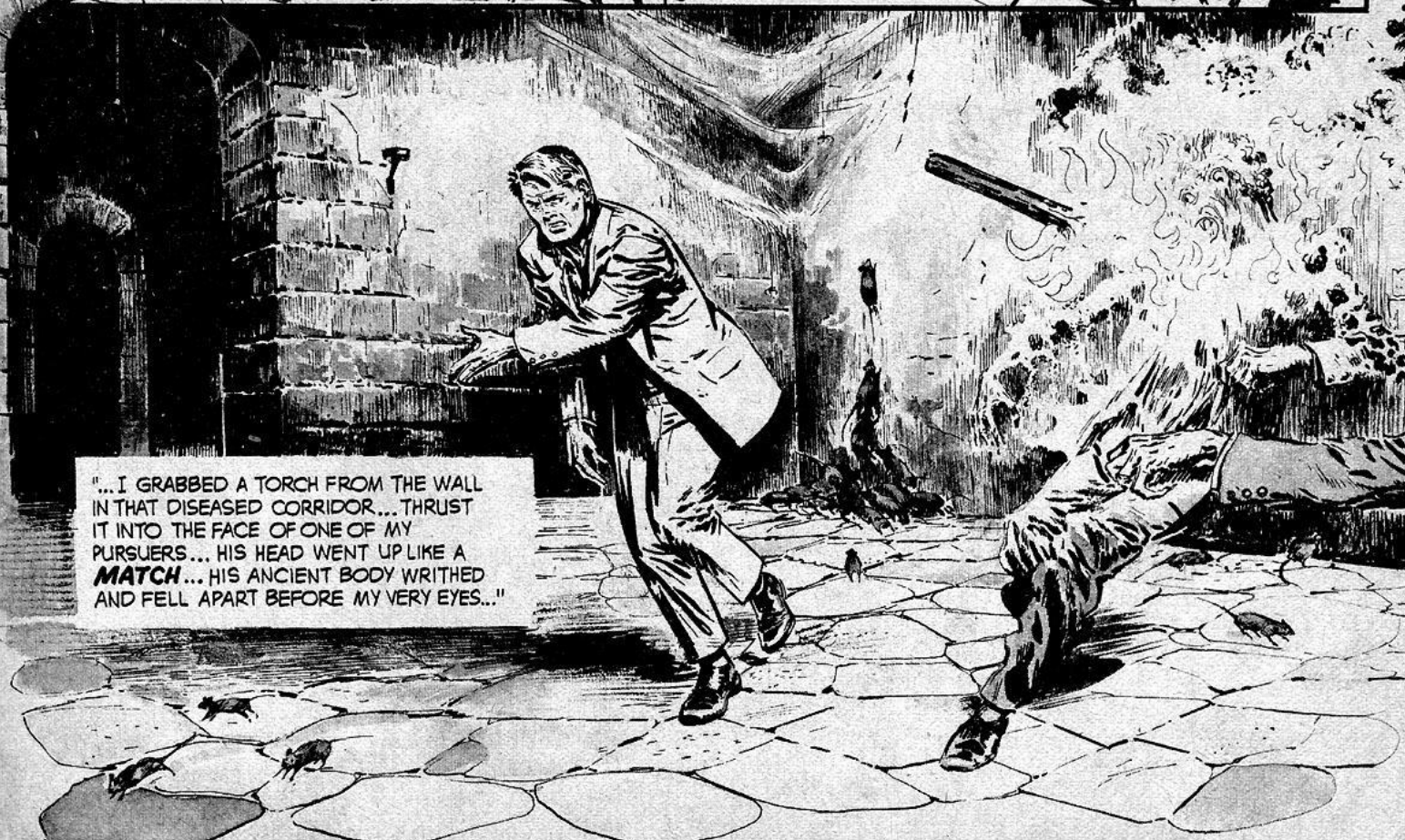
... SOMEHOW I BEGAN TO **RUN LIKE HELL**..."



"...THEY CAME AFTER ME CHUCKLING AND CHORTLING... BLOOD CLOTTED BITS OF HUMAN **FLESH** DRIPPING FROM THEIR MOUTHS AS THEY RAN DOWN THAT BLACK CORRIDOR AFTER ME..."



"...I GRABBED A TORCH FROM THE WALL IN THAT DISEASED CORRIDOR... THRUST IT INTO THE FACE OF ONE OF MY PURSUERS... HIS HEAD WENT UP LIKE A **MATCH**... HIS ANCIENT BODY WRITHED AND FELL APART BEFORE MY VERY EYES..."



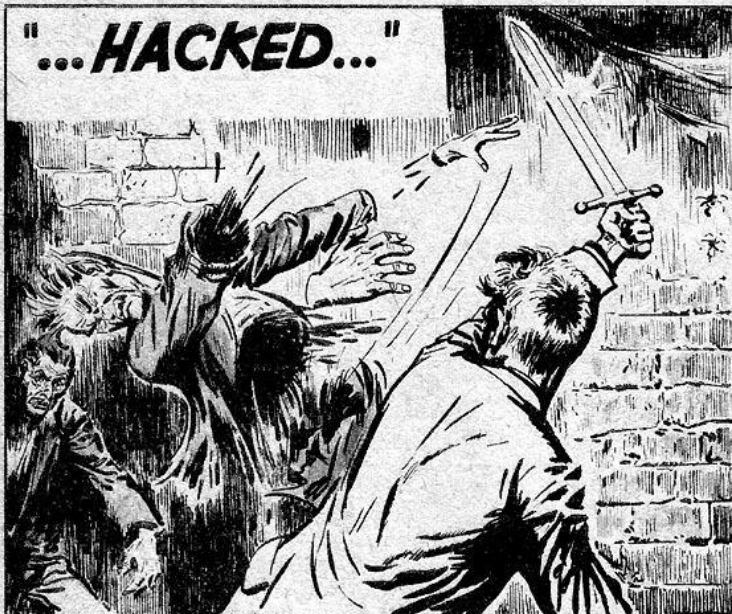
"...IN THE GRAND ENTRANCE OF THE HORROR-HOUSE STOOD A MASSIVE COAT OF ARMS, POSSESSED OF HAUNTED WRETCHEDNESS BY ITS DEPARTED CREATOR... I LUNGED AT IT... RIPPING THE GLEAMING BLADE OF THE SWORD FROM ITS MOUNT... AND TURNED TO THE GRINNING VAMPIRES..."



"... TURNED AND LUNGED AT THEM IN MY DYING BREATH... TURNED AND **HACKED... GOD... HACKED...**"



"...HACKED..."



"...UNTIL I FELL BENEATH THEM, LIMP, MY MIND LONG DEAD...
... WHOEVER WAS LEFT CARRIED ME AWAY..."



"THE CREWMEN SAID NOTHING... THEY SAT AROUND WITH ZOMBIE STARES... UNSMOKING... UNDRINKING... UNLIVING -- PAYING NO HEED TO THE CORPSES -- IGNORING THE STENCH THAT PHYSICALLY FILLED THE NIGHT AIR..."



"THE LIGHTLESS BARGE SEEMED MERELY TO DRIFT KNOWINGLY IN THE DIRECTION OF THE SLOW-MOVING RIVER... IN A PILOT HOUSE NEAR THE BACK OF THE BARGE ... I STOOD WITH THE RUDDER-WHEEL IN MY HANDS... IT DID NOT TURN OR SEEM TO MOVE... NEITHER DID I..."



WHEN STARTING *THIS* TALE OF
MACABRE-HORROR MAKE SURE
YOUR STOMACH'S EMPTY...

WHAT KINDA
MEAT IS THIS
MOMMY...

... IT DOESN'T
TASTE LIKE
HAMBURGER...

WELL IT'S SUPPOSED TO...
... I DON'T KNOW WHAT THE
BUTCHER DOES... ALL HIS
MEAT TASTES TERRIBLE...

...WHAT DO YOU
THINK DEAR?...

I THINK IT'S TERRIBLE--
I CAN'T FINISH IT... IS THIS
YOUR REGULAR
BUTCHER?

NO-- SOME LITTLE
SHOP I NOTICED
RECENTLY... CUT
RATE PRICES ON
EVERYTHING!

...I
LIKE
IT...

...WELL I DON'T
CARE *HOW* CUT
RATE THEY ARE...
THIS MEAT IS
GARBAGE...

WHAT'RE YOU TRYING TO
PULL OFF *HOKAY*? THIS MEAT
TASTES LIKE IT'S BEEN LYING
AROUND FOR MONTHS... IT
EVEN LOOKS ROTTEN...

LOUIS HOKAY
AIMS TO PLEASE
LADY... YOUR
MONEY WILL BE
REFUNDED...

LOUIS HOKAY
BUTCHER

THAT'S NOT ENOUGH!
I WANT TO KNOW *WHY*
THIS MEAT IS BAD... WHAT
IS IT?... RATS?... DOGS?...
WHAT'RE YOU TRYING
TO PUT OVER?...

DON'T START THROWING
INSULTS AT ME WOMAN... IT'S
ORDINARY HAMBURGER... YOU
DON'T LIKE IT... DON'T SHOP
HERE... HERE'S YOUR
MONEY BACK...

HEWETSON AND FERRER

MAURZ

AND BUTCHER
LOUIS HOKAY
SMILES... FOR
HE KNOWS...
HE KNOWS...

SATAN'S CELLAR



...AND SO STARTS
OUR TALE...

ALRIGHT
EVERYBODY FREEZE...
THIS IS A **RAID**...

RAIDING A
BUTCHER SHOP?
WHAT CAN ANYONE
DO IN A **BUTCHER**
SHOP?

DO YOU HAVE
A WARRANT
OFFICERS?



WE GOTTA
WARRANT... UP
AGAINST THE
WALL BUTCHER...

ISN'T THIS A
BIT OVERDONE...
I DON'T EVEN
KNOW WHAT YOU
WANT!

...UP
AGAINST THE
WALL...



IS THIS
NECESSARY? IF
YOU WOULD ONLY
TELL ME WHAT IS
IS YOU WANT I'D
HELP YOU!

I'LL TELL
YOU HOKAY...
I HAD THEM
COME... WE'RE
GOING TO TAKE
A LOOK AT YOUR
MEAT LOCKER... I
HAVE THE FEELING
WE'LL FIND MORE
THAN ORDINARY
HAMBURGER
MEAT...



YOU...
...I MIGHT HAVE
KNOWN... I
FIGURED YOU
FOR A
TROUBLEMAKER
FROM THE
START...

MAKE A GOOD
SEARCH MEN...
ANYTHING AT ALL OUT
OF THE ORDINARY...
ANYTHING...



'FRAID NOT SARG--
EVERYTHING LOOKS
OKAY--NOTHING
STRANGE--JUST
BEEF THAT'S
ALL...

AND YOU'VE GOT THE **NERVE** TO TAKE
THE WORD OF THIS LUNATIC WOMAN THAT
I'M SELLING DOGMEAT?
I'M RESPECTABLE... JUST
BECAUSE ONE PIECE OF
MEAT GOES BAD IS NO
REASON TO UPSET
THE ENTIRE CITY
HALL...

THIS WOMAN
SWORE OUT A
COMPLAIN SIR...
IT'S OUR
RESPONSIBILITY
TO CARRY OUT A
SEARCH... HEALTH
DEPARTMENT
REGULATIONS...



...I'LL GET
YOU YET
HOKAY...



WE'VE GOT TO UNITE...WE'VE GOT TO BAND TOGETHER...DEMAND THAT THE CITY ACT AGAINST THIS FIEND...

...HE'S SELLING RATS... GARBAGE... POISONING OUR CHILDREN...

...I THINK HIS MEAT IS FINE...

HOW CAN YOU SAY THAT... THIS IS THE 2ND TIME I'VE BOUGHT MEAT THAT'S ROTTEN...NO ONE IS GOING TO TELL ME HE'S NOT DOING SOMETHING ILLEGAL...

THEN WHY NOT GET TOGETHER WITH ME AND...



IS THERE NO ONE ELSE WHO IS UNHAPPY... NO ONE?

HIS MEAT IS STRONG... EVEN A BIT STRINGY... BUT I DON'T THINK THERE'S ANYTHING WRONG WITH IT!

WELL...I'M UNHAPPY...I GOT A PIECE OF MEAT FROM HIM THAT I HAD TO THROW OUT...

...BECAUSE I DON'T HAVE THE TIME...I JUST STOPPED SHOPPING THERE THAT'S ALL...

BUT THIS IS THE KIND OF THING WE WOMEN'S LIBBERS CAN REALLY SINK OUR TEETH INTO...

WELL WE'RE SORRY... AT THE MOMENT THIS LIB GROUP HAS BETTER THINGS TO DO WITH IT'S TIME...

...PROTESTING AGAINST ALL MEN... NOT JUST ONE BUTCHER WHO SELLS BAD MEAT ONCE IN A WHILE...



...ONCE IN A WHILE... RUBBISH ... I'LL GET TO THE BOTTOM OF THIS MYSELF...

...THERE HE IS... OUT FRONT OF THE SHOP... PAWNING OFF HIS MUCKY MEAT...I'M GOING TO FIND SOME PLACE TO SLIP IN THE BACK UNNOTICED...



THE BACK DOOR OFF THIS ALLEY SHOULD LEAD RIGHT INTO HIS LOCKER AREA...



DON'T SEE ANYTHING... JUST THE SAME BEEF I SAW WHEN THE POLICE WERE HERE... THERE MUST BE SOMETHING WE MISSED... SOMETHING...



DUST IS
MOVED AROUND
A BIT HERE...
LIKE THERE WAS
SOME
SCUFFLING OR
SOMETHING...

...A
HANDLE...



OH DEAR LORD...

...I KNEW IT... I KNEW IT...

...IT'S NOT RATS OR
DOGS HE KILLS FOR MEAT...
GOD... IT'S HUMANS...



MY GOD... I'VE GOT TO
GET OUT OF HERE... GET TO
THE POLICE BEFORE HE
DISCOVERS ME...

...RATS ARE ONE THING...
BUT THIS... THIS IS INHUMAN...
IF HE CATCHES ME HE'LL...

...OOHH...



YOU...

...SO YOU'VE
FOUND THE
CELLAR...

FIEND! YOU
DEPRAVED FIEND
...IF YOU THINK
YOU'LL GET AWAY
WITH THIS YOU'RE
MAD...



NO?

I'M GETTING
OUT OF HERE...
NOW... AND YOU
DAREN'T STOP
ME...

...MY HUSBAND
KNOWS I'M HERE
... HE'LL REPORT
THIS TO THE
POLICE...



...I
DOUBT
IT...

I VERY MUCH DOUBT IF YOUR HUSBAND WOULD LET YOU COME HERE ALONE...

...NO... I THINK YOU CAME OF YOUR OWN ACCORD... I DON'T THINK ANYONE ELSE KNOWS ANYTHING ABOUT THIS...

...SURE -- THERE'LL BE AN INVESTIGATION... BUT NOTHING TO PROVE YOU WERE HERE... NOTHING WOMAN...

MY GOD NO... YOU CAN'T...

NO!

...WHEN YOU'RE FINISHED WOMAN ... TURN... TO SEE THE FINGERS...

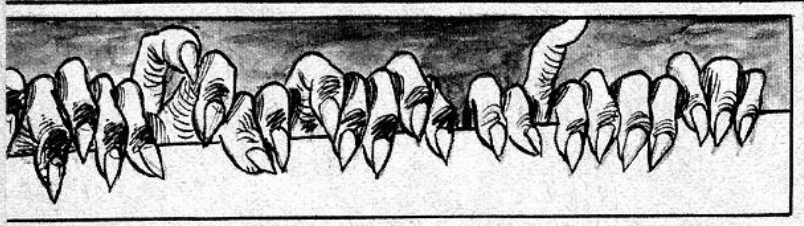
NO!

...NO...

...TURN TO SEE THE 9 FINGERS...

...NOW THERE ARE 18 FINGERS...

...NOW
THERE
ARE 24...



...OH MY
GOD...

35 FINGERS...
COUNT 'EM...
FEEL THEM
COMING AT
YOU...



IT IS **GOOD** THAT YOU FAINT **NOW** --
FOR IN ANOTHER MOMENT YOU WOULDN'T
BE ABLE TO BEAR THE **PAIN**... THE **HORROR**
THAT THIS MANY ARMED-MANY LEGGED
BLACK THING WILL INFLICT UPON YOU AS IT
SLOWLY SLITHERS UP YOUR BLEEDING REMAINS...

...IT IS HUNGRY... AS ARE THE **OTHERS**...

... THE THINGS FROM BENEATH THIS OLD
SECTION OF THE CITY HAVE FOUND THEIR
ONLY EXIT UNGUARDED... LOUIS HOKAY IS
DEAD... THE WOMAN **FAINTED**...

...NOW THEY CAN COME **OUT**...
AFTER **FOOD**...

...THERE IS NOT **MUCH** FOOD
UNDERNEATH... UNDERNEATH THE
SEWERS WHERE THINGS LIKE THIS
BREED ON HUMAN WASTE...

...BUT THEN AGAIN...FOR
AWHILE **WE**
WERE
BREEDING
ON **THEM**
WERE WE
NOT?...
R.I.P.

...MANY OF YOU HAVE BEEN WRITING TO US RECENTLY PRESENTING US WITH YOUR OPINIONS, COMMENTS AND IDEAS ON THE HORROR-MOOD AND SKYWALD'S CRIPPLED COUPLET... **NIGHTMARE** AND **PSYCHO**... A LOT OF WHAT YOU SAY HAS MUCH MACABRE MERIT... AND WE HOPE YOU'LL NOTICE THAT WE TRY TO DO IN THE MAGAZINES WHAT YOU WANT US TO... THEREFORE TO HELP YOU GET WHAT YOU WANT AND TO HELP US UNDERSTAND YOU BETTER... WHY NOT FILL IN THE FOLLOWING

BUNCH OF QUESTIONS

... TO THE FIRST TEN LETTERS WE RECEIVE WE'LL GIVE ADVANCE COPIES OF THE UPCOMING ASTONISHING EVIL LUNATIC ISSUE OF **PSYCHO** #10... ALONG WITH PUBLISHING MANY OF YOUR NAMES IN OUR LETTERS/EDITORIAL COLUMN SOON...

(IF YOU DON'T WANT TO TEAR THE PAGE OUT THE MAGAZINE, JUST COPY OUT THE QUESTIONS AND FILL IN JUST LIKE YOU WOULD HERE...OR WRITE US A LETTER...WHICH IS JUST AS GREAT).

NAME ADDRESS

CITY AND STATE ZIP AGE

1... HOW OFTEN DO YOU BUY OUR MAGAZINES ... EVERY ISSUE ?

2... DO YOU BUY ALL THE HORROR MAGAZINES OR JUST OURS(OR JUST OTHERS)?

3... HOW IMPORTANT IS THE COVER TO YOU? DO YOU LIKE STORY TITLES AND TYPE ON THE COVER ?

4... WOULD YOU LIKE TO SEE A 96 PAGE MAGAZINE-BOOK SELLING FOR \$1

5... WHO ARE YOUR FAVORITE ARTISTS ?

6... WHO ARE YOUR FAVORITE WRITERS ?

7... DO YOU ALSO READ COLOR COMICS?.....IF SO, WHAT?.....

8... WHAT WOULD YOU LIKE TO SEE IN THE STORIES?.....

9... DO YOU KEEP YOUR ISSUES OF **PSYCHO** AND **NIGHTMARE** OR DO YOU TRADE 'EM OR THROW 'EM AWAY AFTER ?

10... DO YOU LIKE THE PHOTO FEATURE ?.....IF SO, WHAT MOVIES WOULD YOU LIKE US PRINT IN THE FUTURE?

11... DO YOU LIKE PIN UP FEATURES?.....

12... DO YOU BUY THE MAGAZINES BECAUSE YOU LIKE HORROR OR BECAUSE YOU LIKE COMICS?

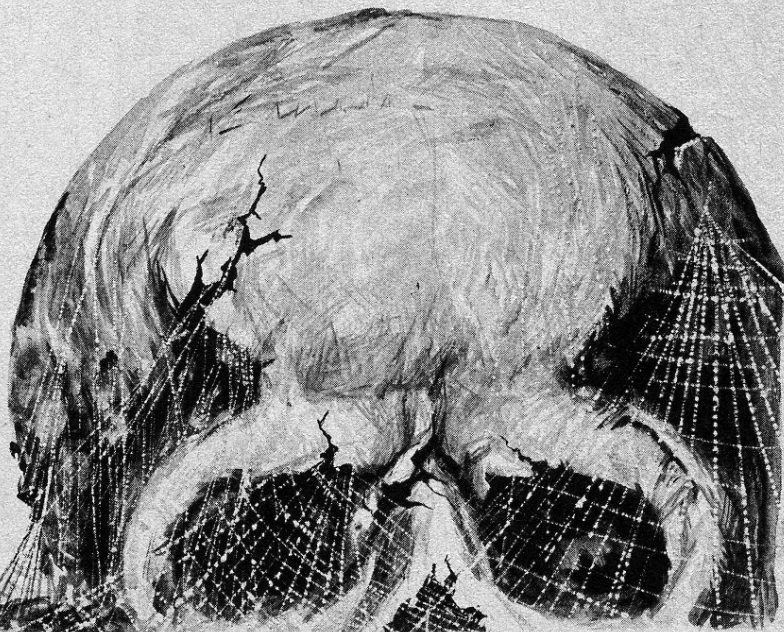
13... WHAT IDEAS DO YOU HAVE FOR NEW FEATURES IN THE MAGAZINES ?

.....
.....
.....
.....
.....

SEND TO :

ARCHAIC EDITORS
**SKYWALD PUBLISHING
CORPORATION**
18 EAST 41st STREET
NEW YORK CITY N.Y. 10017

...MANY THANKS ...



THE PROVERBIAL KILLER

'IF YOU ARE A HEN THEN LAY EGGS; IF A COCK, THEN CROW.' -- ANCIENT PROVERB FOUND IN BOTH INDIA AND PERSIA. 'WHEN THE HEN CROWS THE HOUSE GOES TO RUIN.' -- ENGLISH PROVERB.

DON'T YOU PLAY INNOCENT WITH **ME**, MICHAEL REIDY! I CAN SEE RIGHT THROUGH YOUR CHEAP TRICKS! LORD KNOWS WHY I EVER MARRIED SOMEONE LIKE **YOU**!

I...I... DON'T KNOW WHAT... YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT, JANET. I H-HAVEN'T DONE ANYTHING...



MOENCH AND VILLANOVA

'SLANDER IS A CRUEL SHIPWRECK BY A DRY TEMPEST.' -- ENGLISH.

DON'T GIVE ME THAT, YOU CRAWLING WORM! YOU MORON! YOU SPINELESS,

J-JANET! THAT'S NOT T-TRUE! I-I'VE **NEVER** CHEATED ON YOU IN M-MY LIFE!

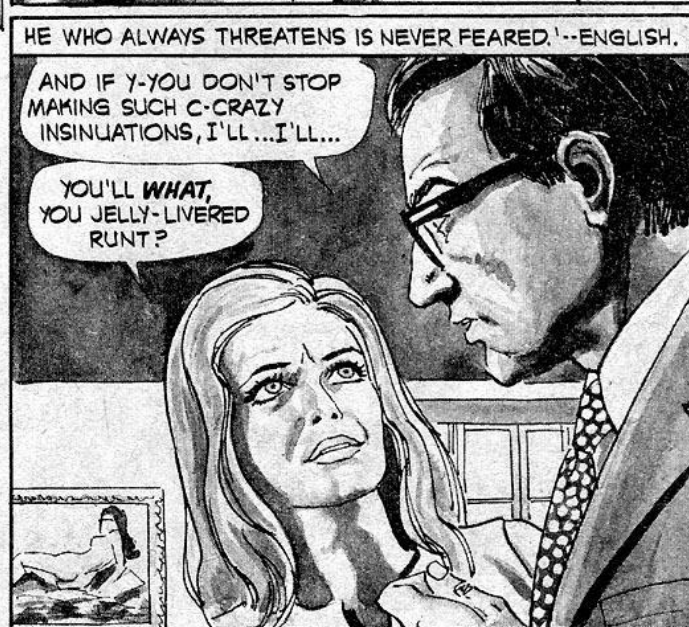
FAITHLESS CREEP! YOU DON'T EVEN HAVE THE GUTS TO ADMIT YOU'VE CHEATED ON ME!



HE WHO ALWAYS THREATENS IS NEVER FEARED.' -- ENGLISH.

AND IF Y-YOU DON'T STOP MAKING SUCH C-CRAZY INSINUATIONS, I'LL...I'LL...

YOU'LL **WHAT**, YOU JELLY-LIVERED RUNT?



PICKING UP A LARGE STONE IS A SIGN THAT IT WILL NOT BE THROWN.' -- PERSIAN.

D-DON'T PUSH ME, JANET!
I... I **WARN** you...

'A MAN THINKS HE KNOWS, BUT A WOMAN KNOWS **BETTER**.' -- CHINESE.

Y-YOU'RE RIGHT, JANET.
I COULD **NEVER** HIT YOU.
I... **LOVE** you...

WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT **LOVE**?
YOU THOUGHT I LOVED YOU, BUT ALL I EVER **REALLY** LOVED WAS YOUR **MONEY**!

HAH! DON'T MAKE ME **LAUGH**!
YOU'VE GOT A **LEMON** POPSICKLE FOR A SPINE-- IT'S **YELLOW** AND IT **MELTS** AS SOON AS THE HEAT'S PUT ON! YOU WOULDN'T HIT ME WITH THAT, AND YOU **KNOW** IT, MICHAEL REIDY!

'ALL THAT GLITTERS IS NOT GOLD.' -- ISRAELIAN.

AND NOW THAT I'VE FOUND OUT ABOUT YOUR MONTHLY INFIDELITIES, I'VE GOT THE PERFECT GROUNDS FOR **DIVORCE** -- AND A NICE HUNK OF YOUR **CASH**!

AND... AND I TH-THOUGHT ALL THIS TIME... THAT YOU **LOVED** ME... I THOUGHT WE HAD SUCH A GOOD THING TOGETHER, BUT WHAT YOU'RE SAYING IS **NOT TRUE**, JANET -- I **HAVE** TO GO AWAY EVERY FEW WEEKS, BUT I-I'VE **NEVER** BEEN UNFAITHFUL TO YOU!

'BEGGARS CAN **NEVER** BE CHOOSERS'...

I-I CAN'T TELL YOU **WHY**, JANET, BUT I MUST L-LEAVE AGAIN TONIGHT. PLEASE TRUST ME... I KNOW YOU D-DON'T LOVE ME, BUT PLEASE STAY WITH ME -- I WANT TO **HAVE** YOU ANY WAY I CAN! I'LL BUY YOU WHATEVER YOU WANT WHEN I RETURN...

I WANT MY **FREEDOM**, AND YOU **BET** YOU'LL BUY IT FOR ME -- WITH ALIMONY CHECKS! NOW SHADDUP, YOU COWERING CREEP! GET **OUT** OF HERE -- GO TO YOUR LOVER -- THOUGH GOD KNOWS WHAT WOMAN WOULD WANT YOU!

TRAVEL IS A FESTIVAL TO HIM WHO HATH AN ILL-DISPOSED WIFE; SHUT THE DOOR OF JOYFULNESS ON THAT HOUSE FROM WHICH THE WIFE'S CLAMOR ISSUES.' -- PERSIAN.

I SHOULD BE **GLAD** TO LEAVE HER... BUT I'M NOT. STILL, I **MUST** GO -- AND GETTING AWAY FROM HER FOR A WHILE WILL DO US BOTH SOME GOOD...

'AT THE NARROW PASSAGE
THERE IS NO BROTHER AND NO
FRIEND'S.' --- ARABIAN.

WHAT'LL I
DO WITHOUT
HER...? I'LL BE
ALONE -- **ALL**
ALONE...



'WHEN THE
GOOD MAN
IS ABROAD,
THE GOOD
WOMAN'S
TABLE IS
SOON SPREAD'
--- INDIAN.

I **TOLD** HIM
ALL RIGHT, AUGIE!
WHAT A **WORM** HE
IS! HAVE YOU
LEARNED ANYTHING
NEW ABOUT HIM?

SO YOU TOLD THE SAP YOU
WERE WISE TO HIS LITTLE
SIDELINE FUN AND
GAMES, EH?

'WERE THERE NO HEARERS THERE WOULD BE NO BACKBITERS; ONE PAIR OF EARS DRAWS A
HUNDRED TONGUES.' --- ENGLISH.

TONIGHT, I'LL
BET. HE'S PROBABLY ON
HIS WAY TO HER HOUSE
RIGHT NOW! OH, AUGIE, NOW
I'LL BE ABLE TO GET THE
DIVORCE AND WE CAN BE
TOGETHER FOREVER.

YEAH. MY CONTACTS
HAVE PROVIDED ME WITH
SOME INFORMATION THAT
CINCHES HIS GUILT!
THEY'VE SEEN THE
JERK WITH **TWO**
DIFFERENT WOMEN.
AND THEY SPECULATE
HE'LL BE MEETIN'
ANOTHER ONE
VERY SOON!

YEAH, JANET-BABY,
AND THAT'S JUST THE WAY
I'LL LIKE IT -- CAUSE I
REALLY LOVE YOU...

HA! THE DUMB
BROAD! IMAGINE **ME** LOVIN'
HER! BUT WITH THE **ALIMONY**
SHE'LL BE GETTIN', I COULD
LIVE WITH **ANYBODY**!

MANY KISS THE CHILD FOR LOVE OF THE
NURSEMAID.' --- SCOTTISH



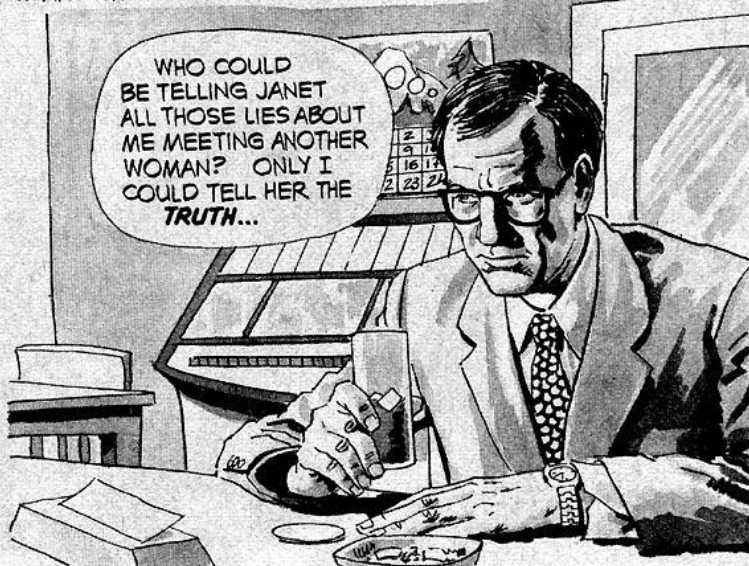
'SLANDER SLAYS **THREE**: THE SPEAKER, THE SPOKEN TO...

AFTER WE'RE THROUGH WITH
THAT LOUSY BUM,
EVERYTHING'LL
BE **FINE**,
BABY!

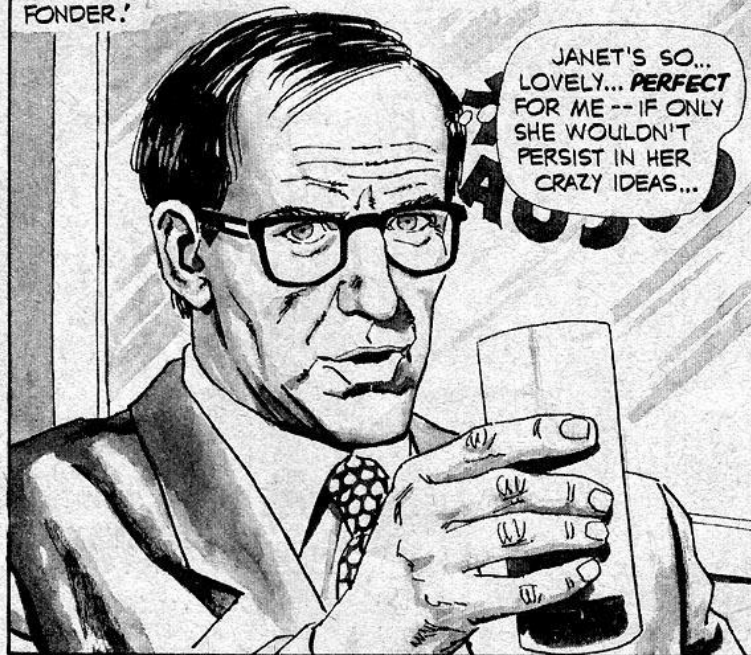
YES, AUGIE,
I'VE WAITED
A LONG TIME
TO BE FREE
OF THAT
LITTLE
RUNT.

... AND THE SPOKEN OF.' --- PALESTINIAN.

WHO COULD
BE TELLING JANET
ALL THOSE LIES ABOUT
ME MEETING ANOTHER
WOMAN? ONLY I
COULD TELL HER THE
TRUTH...



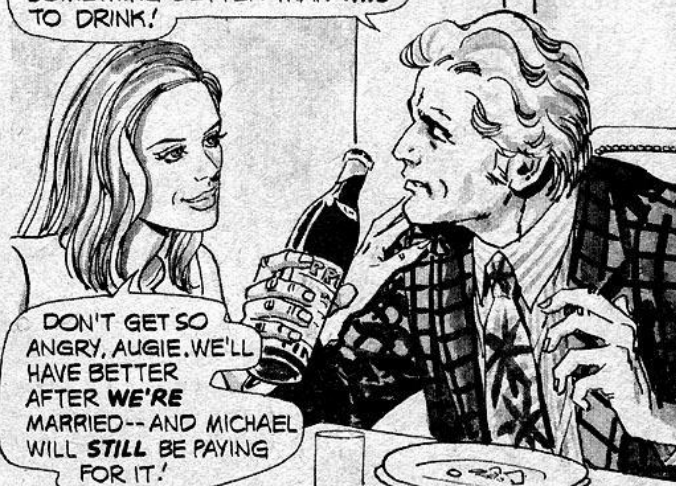
AND 'ABSENCE NEVER FAILS TO MAKE THE HEART GROW FONDER.'



JANET'S SO... LOVELY... PERFECT FOR ME -- IF ONLY SHE WOULDN'T PERSIST IN HER CRAZY IDEAS...

THE CHINESE SUBMIT THAT 'FREE SITTERS GRUMBLE MOST AT THE PLAY,' AND THE ENGLISH MAINTAIN THAT 'WHAT COSTS LITTLE IS ESTEEMED EVEN LESS!'

WHAT KIND OF LOUSY WINE IS THIS?! YOU'D THINK YOUR FILTHY-RICH HUSBAND COULD AFFORD SOMETHING BETTER THAN **THIS** TO DRINK!



DON'T GET SO ANGRY, AUGIE. WE'LL HAVE BETTER AFTER **WE'RE** MARRIED-- AND MICHAEL WILL **STILL** BE PAYING FOR IT.

THE JAPANESE WISELY COUNSEL: 'DO NOT STAY LONG WHEN THE HUSBAND IS NOT AT HOME.' BESIDES AS THE ARABS ARE QUICK TO POINT OUT, 'FISH AND GUESTS BECOME UNPLEASANT AFTER THREE HOURS; GOD BLESS HIM WHO PAYS VISITS, AND **SHORT** VISITS.'

SURE, BABY. WE'LL HAVE THE **BEST** AS SOON AS YOU GET RID OF YOUR CRUMBUM HUSBAND. BUT I'D BETTER GET GOIN' RIGHT NOW. I'LL BE BACK TONIGHT.

ALL RIGHT, AUGIE. I'LL BE WAITING FOR YOU TONIGHT.

YOU **BET** I'LL BE BACK TONIGHT-- TO BUTTER HER UP SOME MORE AND INSURE MYSELF A HOUSE ON EASY STREET FOR THE REST OF MY LIFE!

THE PERSIANS SAY, 'WHEN THOU UTTEREST NOT A WORD, THOU HAST LAID THY HAND UPON IT; WHEN THOU UTTEREST IT, IT HATH LAID ITS HAND UPON THEE,' AND THE ENGLISH: 'WHILE THE WORD IS IN YOUR MOUTH IT IS YOUR OWN; WHEN 'TIS ONCE SPOKEN, 'TIS ANOTHER'S.'

HEY, RALPH! HOW YA BEEN? LISTEN, YOU'LL NEVER BELIEVE THIS! I JUST CONNED JANET REIDY INTO BELIEVIN' HER SLOUCH HUSBAND IS CHEATIN' ON HER!

IS THAT A FACT, AUGIE?



'THY SECRET IS THY PRISONER; IF THOU LETTEST IT GO THOU BECOMES **ITS** PRISONER, FOR THY FRIEND HAS A FRIEND, THEREFORE KEEP THY MOUTH SHUT.' -- INDIAN.

YEAH, IT SURE **IS** A FACT! AND THE **BEAUTIFUL** PART ABOUT IT IS THAT SHE'S GONNA **DIVORCE** THE CHUMP AND MARRY **ME!** I'LL BE LIVIN' HIGH OFF THE HOG ON **HIS** ALIMONY PAYMENTS!



VERY INTERESTING INDEED... I THINK MY **FRIEND MICHAEL** WOULD BE EXTREMELY INTERESTED IN THIS LITTLE BIT OF INFORMATION.

'HE WHO DRINKS SHOULD NOT ATTEMPT TO DANCE WITH HIS TONGUE.'

MIKE! I'VE BEEN TRYING TO FIND YOU FOR HOURS!



'THE TONGUE CAN MOUNT YOU ON AN ELEPHANT; THE TONGUE CAN **BEHEAD** YOU.' -- INDIAN.

LOOK, MICHAEL, YOU'VE BEEN DRINKING TOO MUCH, BUT YOU'VE GOT TO **LISTEN** TO ME! WHY DO YOU GO AWAY FOR TWO DAYS EVERY MONTH?

SHUP UP! MIND YER OWN BISHNESS BOUT ME GOIN' 'WAY E' VRY MONF!



ALTHOUGH 'THERE IS NO REST FOR THE WICKED,' NEITHER IS THERE ANY ADVANTAGE IN 'CRYING OVER SPILT MILK.'

WHAT A **DOPE** I WAS! WHY DID I HAVE TO BLAB TO RALPH? WHAT IF HE'S A FRIEND OF MICHAEL'S...? AW, WHAT'S THE USE-- WHAT'S DONE IS DONE. I'D BETTER GET READY TO SEE THAT BUBBLE-HEAD JANET.



SHAY, RAPH! WHA YOU TALKIN' BOUT TRINE FINE ME FOR AT THISH TIME? SHUPPER TIME -- YOU SHOULD BE **HOME**... WIF YER **WIFE**, EATIN' SHUPPER!

'THE ROAD TO HELL IS PAVED WITH GOOD INTENTIONS,' AND SINCE 'HEAVEN HAS GIVEN THEE TWO EARS BUT ONLY ONE TONGUE, THEREFORE REPEAT BUT **HALF** OF WHAT YOU HEAR.'

OKAY, MIKE, BUT I'M ONLY TRYING TO **HELP**. LOOK, THERE'S SOMETHING YOU MUST **KNOW** -- JANET INTENDS TO **DIVORCE** YOU...

I **KNOW** THAT! I **KNOW** IT-- SHE DOESN'T LOVE ME...



THE ARABIANS ADVISE: 'HE WHO SPEAKS THE TRUTH SHOULD HAVE ONE FOOT IN THE STIRRUP! THE ARMENIAN EQUIVALENT SUGGESTS: 'GIVE A HORSE TO HIM WHO TELLS THE TRUTH THAT HE MAY ESCAPE.'

MIKE, SHE'S GOING TO **MARRY** AUGIE--AND **SUPPORT** HIM ON YOUR ALIMONY CHECKS--

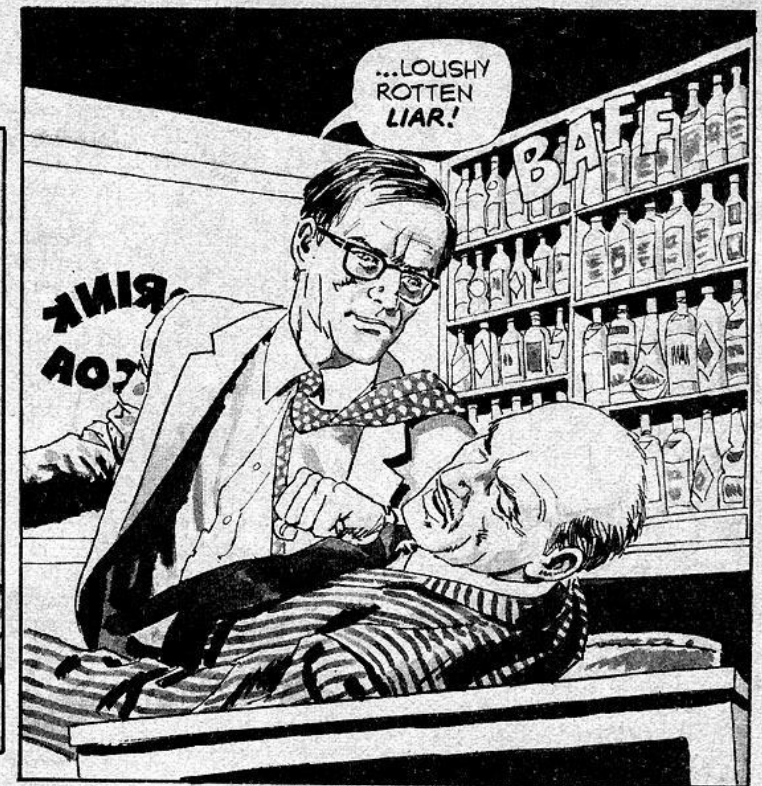
THASH A **LIE**, RALPH
YOU'RE A **LIAR**,
YOU NO-GOOD...



'THE ONLY CERTAINTY IS THE INCHOATE EXISTENCE OF **UNCERTAINTY**.'

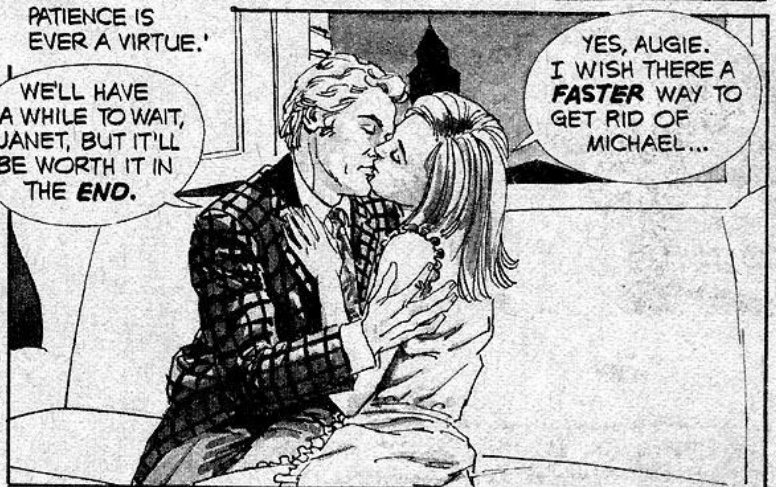


IT **COULDN'T** BE TRUE... BUT WHAT IF IT **IS**? I'LL FIND OUT, I DON'T CARE WHAT TIME OF THE MONTH IT IS--I'M GOING HOME TO FIND OUT IF IT'S TRUE!



PATIENCE IS EVER A VIRTUE.'

WE'LL HAVE A WHILE TO WAIT, JANET, BUT IT'LL BE WORTH IT IN THE **END**.



'IT IS ALWAYS EASIER TO SPEAK OF SOMEONE THAN TO SPEAK TO HIM...'

THE MILKSOP WEAKLING! IF HE WAS HERE RIGHT **NOW**, I COULD TAKE CARE OF HIM FAST ENOUGH--



ISH 'AT SHO, AUGIE? YOU'D TAKE CARE O' ME **RIGHT NOW**--?



'RECKLESSNESS HEEDS NO RESTRAINTS.'

AND 'TIME IS THE TRAITOR'...

...REMINING US THAT 'ALL IS NEVER COMPLETELY AS IT SEEMS'...

SOON,

WHAT'S HAPPENED TO HIM, JANET? HE WAS ALWAYS SO **MEEK** BEFORE...

HE'S **DRUNK**. THE WORM HAS TURNED, EH MICHAEL?

THE **MOON** -- THE MOON IS OUT! BUT THAT'S ALL RIGHT; IN FACT, IT SUITS THE SITUATION JUST **FINE**...

WHAT...WHAT'S HAPPENING TO HIM...?

JANET... **SOON** YOU'LL KNOW WHY I LEFT YOU EVERY MONTH-- AND YOU'LL WISH YOU'D NEVER LEARNED THE TRUTH!

PROVING THAT RIGHTEOUS RETRIBUTION IS EVER SWEET, AND... HE WHO LAUGHS **LAST**, LAUGHS **BEST**!

...AND 'A BOOK CAN **NEVER** BE JUDGED BY ITS COVER'...

THE **MOON**... IT'S **FULL**--!

... A **WEREWOLF**!!!

HE... HE'S **CHANGING**-- CHANGING INTO...

AAAIIIEEEE!!!

'PROVERBS ARE THE WISDOM OF MANY AND THE WIT OF ONE.' -- LORD JOHN RUSSELL.

A MACABRE FACT OF LIFE:

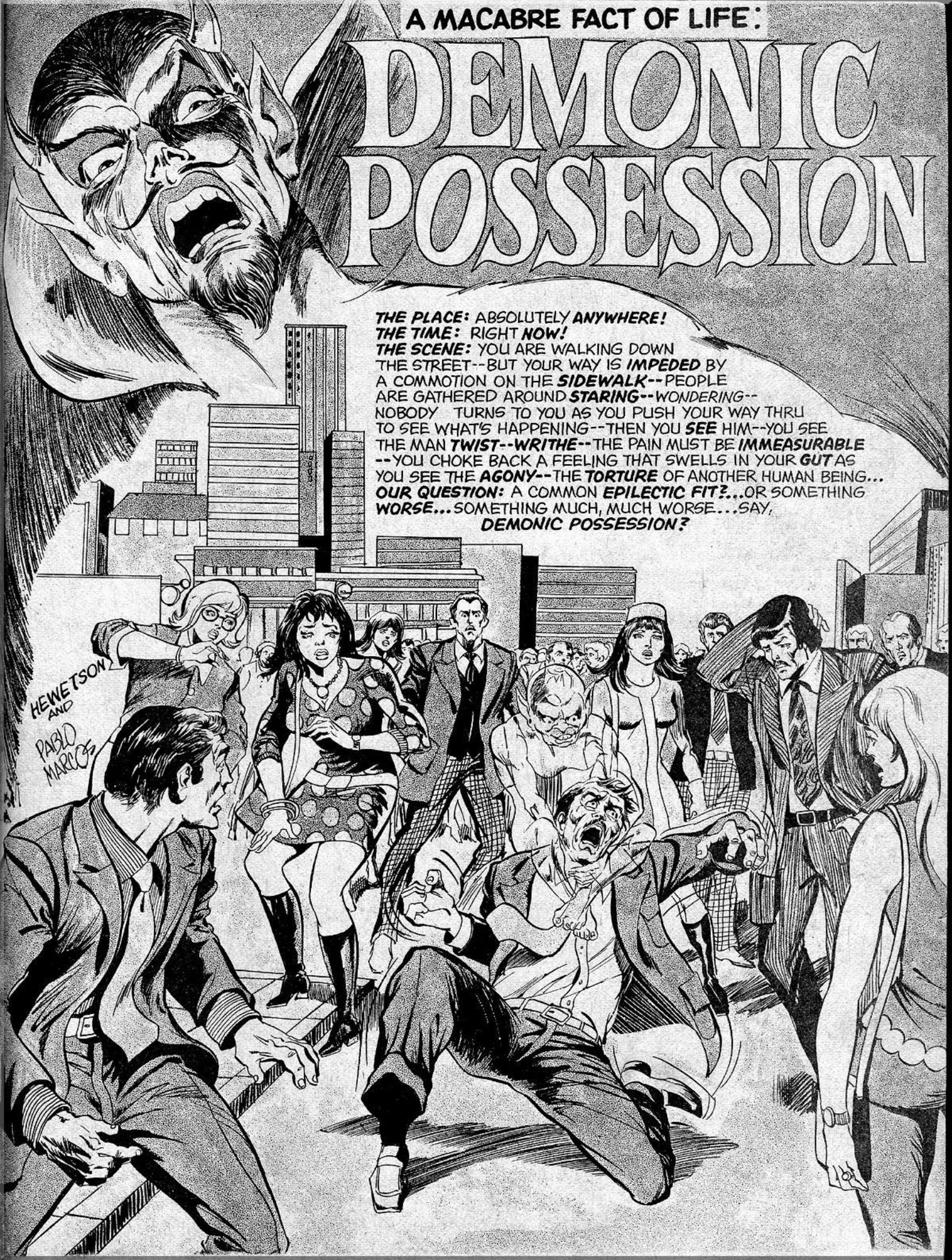
DEMONIC POSSESSION

THE PLACE: ABSOLUTELY ANYWHERE!

THE TIME: RIGHT NOW!

THE SCENE: YOU ARE WALKING DOWN THE STREET--BUT YOUR WAY IS **IMPEDED** BY A COMMOTION ON THE **SIDEWALK**--PEOPLE ARE GATHERED AROUND **STARING**--WONDERING--NOBODY TURNS TO YOU AS YOU PUSH YOUR WAY THRU TO SEE WHAT'S HAPPENING--THEN YOU **SEE HIM**--YOU SEE THE MAN **TWIST--WRITHE**--THE PAIN MUST BE **IMMEASURABLE**--YOU CHOK BACK A FEELING THAT SWELLS IN YOUR **GUT** AS YOU SEE THE **AGONY**--THE **TORTURE** OF ANOTHER HUMAN BEING...
OUR QUESTION: A COMMON **EPILEPTIC FIT**?...OR SOMETHING **WORSE**...SOMETHING MUCH, MUCH **WORSE**...SAY,
DEMONIC POSSESSION?

HEWETSON
AND
PABLO
MARCO



WHAT IS THE **MACABRE TRUTH** ABOUT **DEMONIC POSSESSION**--CAN A **DEMON** ACTUALLY **CLIMB INTO A MAN'S SOUL**? THE **EXPLANATION** IS NOT **SIMPLE**--IT IS INVOLVED AND INTRICATE...FOLLOW WITH US THEN...AND KNOW THE INCREDIBLE ANSWER...

IT STARTS IN A **DARKENED ROOM**--**TWO** BEINGS ARE PRESENT...ONE A **MORTAL MAN**--THE OTHER...**SATAN!**

OH GRAND LUCIFUGE!

COME TO ME...
COME...I HAVE
SERVED YOU WELL,
MASTER...NOW I
SEEK A **BOON!**

WHAT
IS YOUR
BOON?

I SEEK THE
POSSESSION OF A
MAN BY A **DEMON**...I
WANT **REVENGE** ON THIS
MAN--I WANT HIM TO
BE **TORTURED**--I WANT
HIM TO BE IN **AGONY**...
GRANT ME **THIS**
MASTER--AND I SHALL
FOREVER CONTINUE
TO BE YOUR **SERVANT!**

Z-ZAP!!

YOUR **BOON**
IS SO **GRANTED**
...BUT KNOW **FULL**
WELL THE **COST**...
MORE THAN **MERE**
SERVITUDE...

...YOUR **SOUL!**

AND WITHIN THAT SAME CITY...OR ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE WORLD **THOUSANDS** OF CITIES AWAY (FOR DISTANCE IS **NO MATTER**)...A MAN GOES **MAD**...



AND **KILLS!**

AND WHEN THE AUTHORITIES COME TO STOP THE **SLAUGHTER** HE IS BOUND IN A **STRAIGHTJACKET**...AND CARTED OFF TO THE VILE **PRISON** THEY CALL...A **LUNATIC ASYLUM**...



LOOK AT HIM...HE'S **NEVER** GOING TO **STOP**...HE'LL BURN HIMSELF OUT...

I WONDER IF IT'S **JUST** MADNESS--OR IF IT'S SOMETHING **ELSE!**

I ONCE SAW A CASE MUCH **LIKE THIS** BEFORE...IT WAS HANDLED...BY A MAN...**OUTSIDE** OF THE MEDICAL PROFESSION...

...AN **EXORCIST!**





HOLD HIM DOWN...
HOLD HIM--HE MUST
BE KEPT PERFECTLY
MOTIONLESS DURING
THE CHANT...

AND THE STRANGE MAN IN **BLACK**, COME TO HEAL, MERELY
CHANTS...HE MAKES NO **MEDICAL** EXAMINATION...FOR
HE **KNOWS**...HE KNOWS THAT **DEMONS** ARE WITHIN AND
THAT **NO AMOUNT** OF **MEDICAL SCIENCE** WILL HELP HIM
NOW...THAT HE NEEDS A FEW SIMPLE WORDS CHANTED
OVER HIS HEAD...JUST A FEW **SIMPLE WORDS**...



BEGONE VILE DEMON...
LEAVE THIS BODY--CORRUPT
--DEFILER OF HUMAN-
KIND...

BEGONE
AND NEVER
RETURN!

STRANGE AS IT MAY SEEM...
THE DEMON **DOES** LEAVE...
AND **NEVER** IS THIS MAN
PLAGUED BY **POSSESSION**
AGAIN...**NOW**...HE KNOWS
ONLY **PEACE**!

THE EXPLANATION--DEMONIC
POSSESSION IS **NOT** A CREATION
OF THE GODS--GOOD OR **EVIL**--
RATHER IT IS A CRUEL
MACHINATION OF **MAN**! IT
WORKS MUCH LIKE THE
INFAMOUS **VOODOO**...



ONE MAN WISHES TO TORTURE
ANOTHER...HE CONJURES UP THE
DEMONS IN HIS **OWN MIND**...
CONCENTRATES...RECITES **RITUALS**
AND HIS VICTIM ACTUALLY
DOES BECOME **POSSESSED**!



PSYCHIATRISTS AGREE THAT POSSESSION
IS A **FACT OF LIFE**--BUT ONLY POSSES-
SION OF **ONE HUMAN BEING OVER AN-**
OTHER...**NOT** OF **DEMONS**...AND THE
EXORCIST DRIVES FROM THE VICTIM'S
WRETCHED MIND THE MENTAL **TELE-**
PATHIC WAVES THAT HAVE AFFLICTED HIM!

GAME OF SKILL

WHO IS TO SAY THAT MAN AS HE FIRST ROAMED THE EARTH WAS SUPERIOR? HAS SCIENCE EVER QUESTIONED THE FACT, OR SIMPLY ASSUMED IT IN THE VANITY OF OUR RACE?

LET US RETURN TO THE BEGINNING; A TIME WHEN THE ONLY LAW WAS ONE OF SELF-PRESERVATION.

THIS BASIC NEED TO SURVIVE UNITED ALL CREATURES IN THE EQUALITY OF PRIMITIVE INSTINCT.

SAVAGE IN HIS WILL TO LIVE, MAN WAS NO LESS FEROCIOUS THAN ANY OF THE OTHER BEASTS DEPENDENT UPON VICTORY IN THE HUNT.

WHAT WOULD HAVE HAPPENED IF THAT FIRST PACK OF HUMANS HAD NOT OUT-NUMBERED THEIR PREY?



HAD THE VICTIMS DEFEATED THE VICTORS, DEVOURING FLESH WITH THE SAME ANIMAL BLOODLUST, CIVILIZATION'S SCIENTISTS MIGHT BE COMPARING THE INFERIOR SKULL OF A HOMO-SAPIEN TO THE SUPERIOR BONE FORMATION OF THE BABOON... IN THE VANITY OF THEIR OWN RACE.



THE NIGHTMARE WORLD OF


TRISHA HAMLIN
of LIVINGSTON, KENTUCKY
AS TOLD TO HEWETSON AND LARA



TRISHA... A YOUNG WOMAN IN HER FINAL YEAR OF HIGH SCHOOL... WHOSE MAYOR **INTEREST** THESE HELLISH DAYS OF HECTIC DISCORD INCLUDE **SPACE TRAVEL** AND THE STUDY OF **OUTER INFINITIES EVER-NEAR... NEVER-FAR!** ON A MOONLESS NIGHT IN OCTOBER THE MAIDEN **TRISHA** STROLLS ALONG THE **BANKS** OF HER NATIVE **ROCKCASTLE RIVER**--ROMANCING TO HERSELF OF THE **PROUD DAY** WHEN ONE OF **HER** SEX WILL WALK THE **SURFACE** OF OUR LONELY ORBITTING SATELLITE... **THE MOON!** AND SO **DREAMING...** SHE FALLS INTO A **NIGHTMARISH SLEEP** OF DEMONS AND BEINGS NOT **KNOWN** ON THIS EARTH... BUT WHO ARE **MASTERS ON ANOTHER...**



THE CRAWLED OUT THE CRATER



"MY DREAM STARTED, CRAZILY ENOUGH, WITH ME AS A **NEWS ANNOUNCER**... TELLING THE T.V. CAMERAS OF MY OWN DEPARTURE FOR THE **MOON**..."

MISS HAMLIN IS NOW **BOARDING** THE MISSILE WHICH WILL TAKE OFF IN JUST A **FEW MOMENTS** FOR THE **MOON**...

AS YOU CAN SEE BY THE **HUGE CROWD** OF WOMEN GATHERED HERE AT **N.A.S.A.** TODAY EVEN THE **HIGHTLY SKEPTICAL WOMEN'S LIB ORGANIZATION** WISH HER THE BEST OF **LUCK** ON THIS, HER **PREMIER, SOLO VOYAGE INTO SPACE**...

DUST STORM...
COMING AT ME -- MUST
SET UP THE **FORCE**
SHIELDS..

WHAT AM I SAYING? THIS SHIP ISN'T EQUIPPED
WITH A **FORCE SHIELD**... THAT'S ONLY
SCIENCE FICTION!

"THE COSMIC DUST
RIPPED A **HOLE** IN THE
SIDE OF MY SHIP THE
SIZE OF A **RHINO**... WITH
AS MUCH **FEROCITY**...
THE NOTHINGNESS OF
SPACE TORE INTO MY
CABIN... GRABBING AT
THE AIR WITHIN MY **LUNGS**
AND TWISTING MY **INSIDES**..."

"MY NEXT SENSATION WAS MERELY
FLOATING, HELPLESSLY... AIMLESSLY
IN SPACE... BUT EVEN THO I KNEW MY
LUNGS WERE **EMPTY** I WAS STILL
BREATHING...
... BUT **BREATHING WHAT?**"

"THEY I REALIZED
IT WAS **AIR** I WAS
BREATHING,
NORMAL, AVERAGE
AIR... FOR I WAS
WITHIN THE
GRAVITATIONAL
PULL OF THE MOON...
AND WAS BEING SUCKED
DOWN TO **THE SURFACE**..."

"I SMASHED INTO THE SURFACE...BUT SOMEHOW FELT ONLY A LITTLE JOLT...THEN I REALIZED WHAT HAD HAPPENED..."

"I WAS SINKING... SLOWLY--MADLY... INTO SOME UNKNOWN SUBSTANCE THAT ON EARTH MIGHT RIGHTLY BE CALLED... QUICKSAND..."



"I REMEMBER SCREAMING MY LUNGS OUT FOR HELP..."

IN HEAVEN'S NAME...SOMEONE HELP...

PRESSURE...COMING AT ME FROM ALL SIDES...CRUSHING ME SOMEONE HELP...



"I FELT MYSELF BEING PULLED... FROM BEHIND... BY WHAT ONLY SATAN KNEW... FOR AS I LOOKED AT THEIR FURRY HANDS I REALIZED THEY WERE NOT OF MY EARTH"

"BUT WHEN I FINALLY CONFRONTED MY RESCUERS FACE I REALIZED THEY WERE NOT UGLY AT ALL... RATHER-- THEY WERE CUDDLY LITTLE CREATURES WHOSE APPEARANCE WAS MORE AMUSING THAN ANYTHING..."



"SUDDENLY THEY LOOKED FRIGHTENED..."

WHAT IS IT... WHAT'S SCARING YOU? THERE'S NOTHING TO BE AFRAID OF... I WON'T HARM YOU...



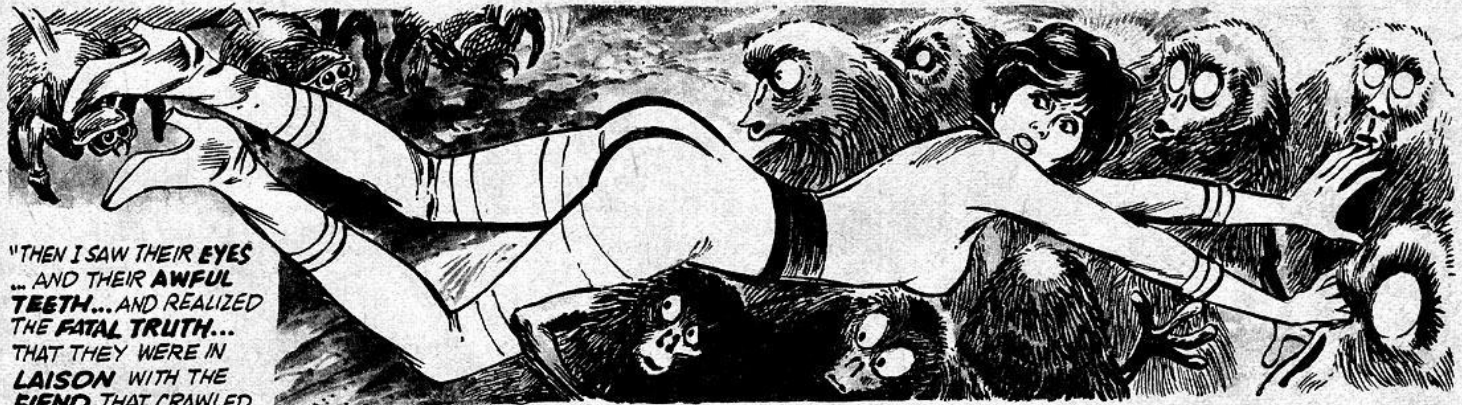
"THEN I TURNED... AND WHAT I SAW CHILLED MY SPINE..."

"THEY CAME **CRAWLING OUT OF A CRATER...** LINNAMEABLE **BLACK THINGS** WITH A **SINGLE MONSTROUS HEAD** THAT WAS THEIR **MIND...THEIR SINGLE BRAIN...**

... 8 SPIDER-LIKE MONSTERS WITH A SINGLE HEAD...
AS I WATCHED MY FURRY FRIENDS CLUSTERED AROUND
ME FOR SUPPORT... SUPPORT GOD KNEW I COULD NOT
GIVE THEM..."



"THE THINGS **SLITHERED FORWARD...** I TRIED TO **RUN** BUT **COULDN'T MOVE** FOR THE **LITTLE CREATURES BLOCKED MY PATH** AND MADE ME **STUMBLE...**"



"THEN I SAW THEIR **EYES**
... AND THEIR AWFUL
TEETH... AND REALIZED
THE FATAL TRUTH...
THAT THEY WERE IN
LAISON WITH THE
FIEND THAT CRAWLED
OUT THE CRATER...
... THEY WERE ITS
SATANIC HENCHMEN..."

"THANK GOD THE **POLICEMEN**
SHOOK ME JUST THEN...



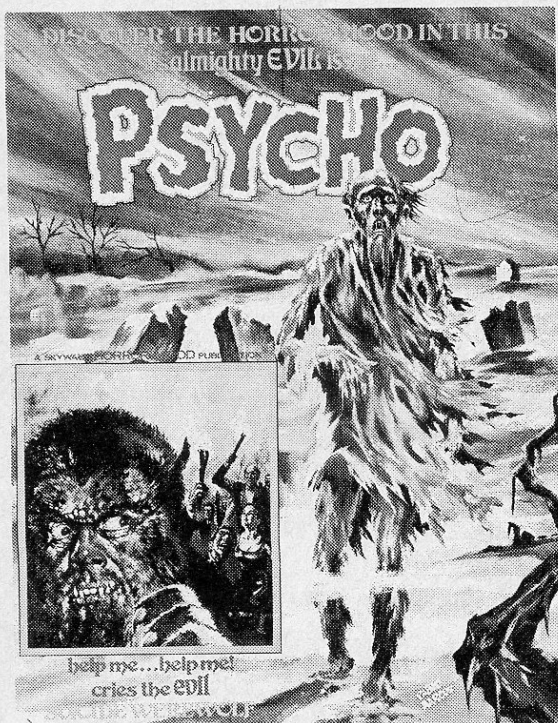
"FOR HAD HE WAITED A SECOND
LONGER MY MIND WOULD HAVE BEEN
LOST TO THE **BLACKNESS OF INSANITY**
... FOR NO MORE HUMANITY-DEGRADED
DREAM HAS ANY MAN...OR WOMAN...
ON THIS GREEN EARTH EVER
EXPERIENCED..."

SO ENDS THE NIGHTMARE WORLD OF TRISHA
 HAMLIN...THANKFULLY...FOR A SECOND LONGER,
 AS SHE SAYS, AND THE MADNESS OF THE MOMENT
 WOULD HAVE ENGULFED US ALL !

WELL, WHO'S **NEXT... YOU**
 PERHAPS? ONLY **YOU** CAN
 ANSWER THE QUESTION **DEAR**
READER... SEND YOUR
NIGHTMARE EXPERIENCE
 TO:

'THE NIGHTMARE WORLD'
 SKY WARD PUBLISHING CORPORATION
 18 EAST 41 ST. STREET
 NEW YORK CITY N.Y. 10017

...AND WE'LL SEE YOU NEXT ISSUE...



THE LATE MR. KARLOFF'S DIALOG IS BY ARCHAIC AL HEWETSON, AND IS NOT MEANT TO REPRESENT ANY ACTUAL WORDS OR THOUGHTS OF THIS EXTRA-ORDINARY GENTLEMAN OF THE SCREAM SCREEN...

... I AM **KARLOFF**... I AM **FRANKENSTEIN**...
... I RETURN FROM THE CRYPT TO SPEAK TO YOU
ABOUT THE MACABRE **PSYCHO 10** LURKING
ON NEXT MONTH'S NEWS-STANDS... THE **ALMIGHTY
EVIL ISSUE**... THE ONE COME TO **TAUNT** YOUR
EVERY MAD-EMOTIONAL **HORROR-MOOD**...

... IN THAT LUNATIC ISSUE I COME TO PRESENT A
SPECIAL PHOTO-FEATURE OF THE ROLES I PLAYED AS A
MASTER OF HORROR... AS THE IMMORTAL UNDEAD
CREATION: **FRANKENSTEIN**... WITH ACTUAL EXCERPTS
FROM THE ORIGINAL MARY SHELLEY NOVEL TO WHET
YOUR HORROR-APPETITE...

... AND I ACCOMPANY THE USUAL-UNUSUAL
HEAP WHO CREEPS ABOUT IN THAT ISSUE
IN: '**EVEN A HEAP CAN DIE !!**'... AND THE
'**SUICIDE WEREWOLF**'... AND OLD LAWRENCE,
THE SADDEST CORPSE YOU WILL EVER MEET,
IN: '**TIGHTROPE TO NOWHERE!!**'

... IT IS AN ISSUE NOT TO MISS...
FOR THEREIN **PHASE ONE** OF THE
HORROR-MOOD MOVES TO AN
EVENTFUL CLIMAX IN A PARANOIC
PACKAGE DESTINED TO **PLEASE**...

... MISS IT NOT...



SOMEWHERE IN THE REGIONS SOUTH OF THE MAJESTIC **PYRENEES**, A **MONASTERY** RESTS...UNCHANGED FOR 600 YEARS. A SANCTUARY FROM THE TEEMING MULTITUDES... AN ISLAND FOR THOSE WHO DEVOTE THEIR LIVES TO **ANOTHER'S DREAM!**

ENTOMBED WITHIN THE **SONOROUS** STONE WALLS, THE DRONING PRAYERS RESOUND...

RISE!!!

ASCEND FROM DEATH AND SERVE THE MASTER!!...

...LORD OF THE NETHER REALMS!!...

...SATAN!!!!

...WHILE WITHIN ONE OF THE MYRIAD BURIAL CHAMBERS, UNSEEN BY EYES CAST TO THE HEAVENS, ANOTHER RITUAL IS ENACTED...

LONG HAVE YOU WAITED TO SUCKLE THE SWEET NECTAR OF REVENGE!! THE MASTER BIDS YOU CUT THE VINES AND DRINK!!!

...RISE!!!!

BLACK COMMUNION

1537-1579
CARLOS
CORDOVA
ADMICATUS
DIABOLI

UUNNNGGGHHHH...UUNGGH

YES!
YES!!!

I SHALL OBEY!!!

DE LA ROSA



SOON, AS THE **CRIMSON** TRAIL
LEADS TO LESS FREQUENTED
CHAMBERS IN THE **CLOISTER...**

BUT, THIS HALL
LEADS ONLY TO THE
CRYPTS?!
WHY SHOULD
BENEDICT HAVE GONE
TO THE BURIAL
CHAMBERS??

IT SEEMS THE MORE
FACTS PRESENTED, THE
STRANGER THE
MYSTERY BECOMES!

I SHOULD
LIKE TO MEET THE
ORIGIN OF THIS
MADNESS!!

PERHAPS
WE ARE **DESTINED**
TO THAT END.
WE SHALL SEE!

HIS ELDEST
BROTHER WAS A
MEMBER OF OUR
ORDER...

...HE IS
ENTOMBED THERE!



AFTER ALL
THESE YEARS
OF DEATH, AGAIN
HE LIVES TO
WALK!!!!

HA HA HA
HAAAAAA!!!

DON CARLOS
LIVES!!!!

THE
INQUISITOR
WALKS!!!!

GO, TELL THEM,
FOOL!! I SHALL AWAIT
THEM AS FATTED PIGS
TO THE SLAUGHTER!!!
HA HA HA HA HAAAAA!!!!

THE **FIREBRAND** OF **HATRED**
RIPS OUT, AS **WINES** OF
REVENGE SPILL FROM **HUMAN**
SPIGOTS!!!

AAAIIIEEEEE....

MASSIVE OAKEN
DOORS CREAK
IN AN ATTEMPT
TO CONTAIN
MALIGNANT
EVIL ... THE
INCARNATE
OF **SIN** AND
DEPRIVITY!!!...

HURRY,
BROTHERS!!
WE MUST
SEAL HIM
IN!!!

DEATH TO THE
ORDER THAT **PLOTTED**
MY **EXECUTION!!!** ALL
SHALL PERISH BENEATH
MY **WRATH!!!!**

NEVER SHALL
I REST, UNTIL
COMPLETE
REVENGE...

... IS
MINE!!!!

HOW CAN WE STOP THIS
CREATION OF **SATAN'S ???!**

IT IS
USELESS!!

NO!! WE HAVE
DEDICATED OUR LIVES
TO THE **DESTRUCTION**
OF **EVIL** ON **EARTH!**

WHEN OUR **TEST**
CAME, LET NO MAN SAY
WE **SHRANK** FROM
OUR **DUTY...**

LET US
FLEE INTO THE
COUNTRYSIDE!!!

IF WE ARE DESTINED
TO **DIE**, THEN LET US
DO SO AS **MEN** OF
GOD, NOT AS THE
PUPPETS OF SOME
SECOND - HAND
GOSPEL!!!





ON A PLAIN OF **UNDEAD** SKIN, THE FORCES OF **GOOD** AND **EVIL** ARE **EMBATTLED**....

... AND THOUGH **PAWNS** ARE EASILY **LOST** OR **CAPTURED**, OTHERS WILL **ARISE ANEW** TO **CONTINUE** THE **STRUGGLE**...



...slither into the concocted lunacy of the astonishing Horror-Mood within this noxious Nightmare number 10...

... where are we NOW...

... it would appear that we are well into PHASE ONE of the **HORROR-MOOD** ... a devilishly concocted theme of many macabre men who nightmarishly call themselves the MOOD-TEAM; who seek to clamber into your mind every issue where they try to jump around a bit, shunt around your brain pebbles, and attempt to 2-step a jig to the *dance macabre* ... but mainly they come into your mind to ENTERTAIN...

... we wanna ask for your HELP ... we're tryin' to entertain you every way we know how ... now so that we can do our best we want to know what you think ... what are your favorite tales? ... what would you like to see on the covers? ... what writers and artists do you honestly like ... turn to page 27 of this issue and fill-in the questionnaire ... to the first ten letters we receive we'll send off an advance copy of **PSYCHO #10** hot off the presses ... how's that? The person you'll be helping MOST is yourself

... our mail room this month was deluged by a flood of letters complementing **PSYCHO #8** ... which is nice ... y'know ... but we really don't mind a FEW critical letters every now and then ... that's ONE WAY we'll continue to try to improve...

... thanks to Ellen Voorhees of Eureka, California for her comments ... this ghoul girl wanted to know how to get in touch with man-macabre *Crying Christopher Lee* ... well, mail addressed to **HAMMER FILM PRODUCTIONS LTD**, 113 Wardour Street, London W1, England; will be given to **DRACULA personally** ... and incidently Ellen, check out **SCREEN SCREAM's** look at **HAMMER HORROR** in **PSYCHO #9** ... which presents a shocking glance at *Cursed Christopher* behind the scenes...

... and thanks to photo-fan *Thomas Hope* of Colorado Springs, Colorado; *Deathly Dela Rosa* fan Gary Kimber of Scarsdale, Ontario; *Paul Chippindale* of Canada's proud capitol - Ottawa; *Don Ford* of

Bowie, Texas who wants more vampires, werewolves, and more maniacs running around chopping up people with hatchets and meat cleavers, and a few more rotting corpses lying around and more drownings in murky swamps ... "something I can really sink my teeth into ... " *Johanne Groth* of New Orleans, Louisiana; *Hector Ramble* of New York City; *Mike Scott* of Corpus Christi, Texas, *Roberto Tabaldo* of South San Francisco, California; *Michael Garnice* of Staten Island, N.Y.; *Paul Dane* of West Lafayette, Ohio; *Daniel Crosby* of Long Beach, New York; and to *Dan MacPherson Jr.* of parts-unknown ... who has recently become a **HORROR-MOOD** convert ... welcome to the ranks *Dan*...

... the reaction to the **HEAP's** disappearance from **PSYCHO #8** was most **OVERWHELMING** ... which set us to thinking about what a **POPULAR** creature that creton is ... so we dug into our files about the **HEAP** and came up with a **HEAP** of letters ... some of which we reprint herewith...

... the ONE way that he is really different is that he doesn't destroy willingly like others of his kind ...

Rich Morgan
of

Pooletown, North Carolina

—others of his **KIND??** How many different kinds of **HEAPS** are there??

... I see you have a new continued feature along with **THE HEAP (THE HUMAN GARGOYLES)** ... *Dela Rosa's* artwork on the splash page was great ... it must have taken him a long time to draw the cathedral ...

Darrell McKenney
of

Georgetown, Kentucky

—**THE HUMAN GARGOYLES** are now a regular feature in **NIGHTMARE**, Darrell ... just as the **HEAP** appears in **PSYCHO**...

... no reprints ... PLEASE ...

Bruce Bigam
of

Uniontown, Pennsylvania

—not by a lithe-long shot ...

'... I was astonished by the **HEAP!** What happened to the **HEAP's** colored comic who? ...'

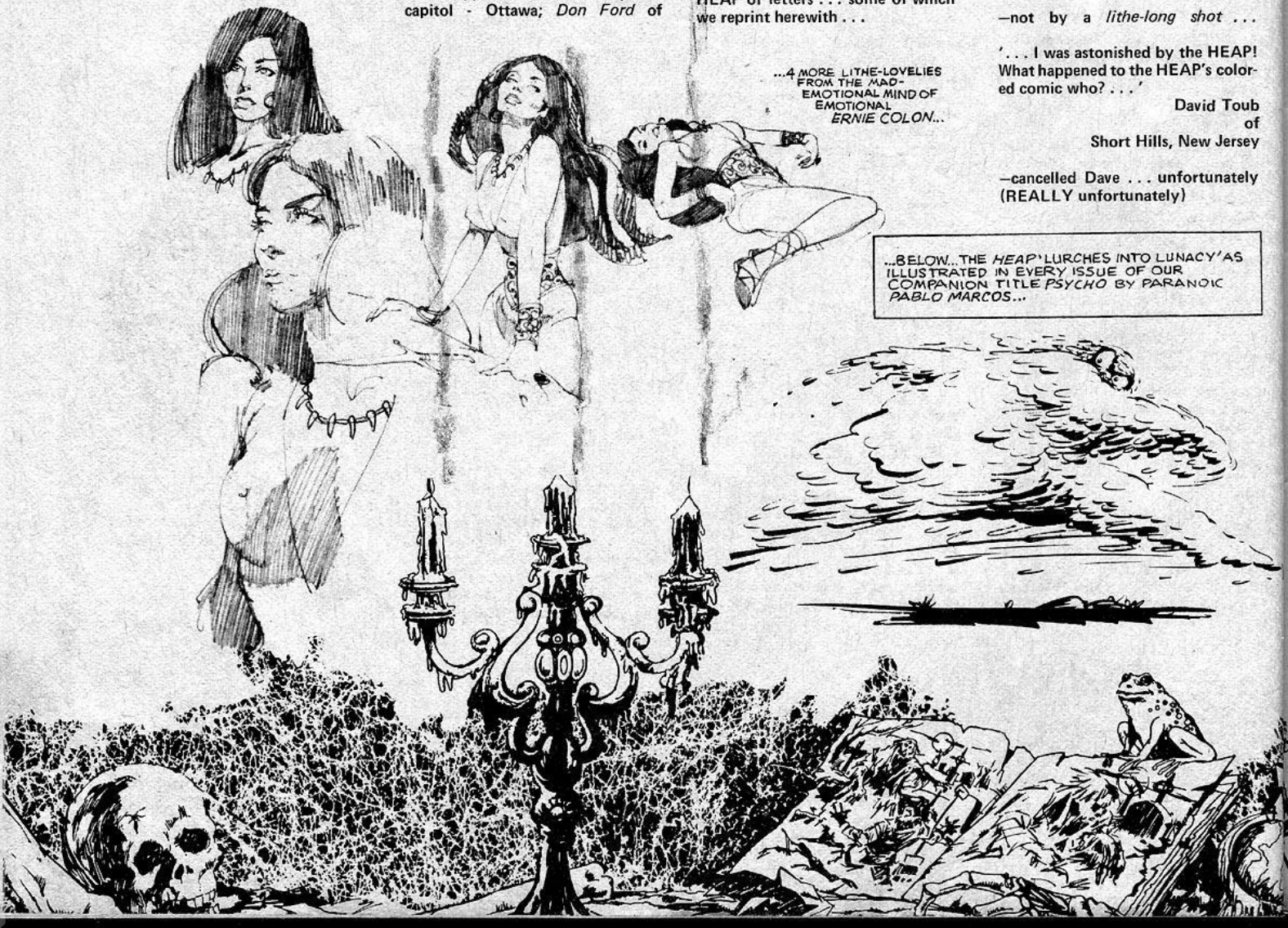
David Toub
of

Short Hills, New Jersey

—cancelled Dave ... unfortunately (REALLY unfortunately)

...4 MORE LITHE-LOVELIES FROM THE MAD-EMOTIONAL MIND OF ERNIE COLON...

...BELOW...THE **HEAP** LURCHES INTO LUNACY' AS ILLUSTRATED IN EVERY ISSUE OF OUR COMPANION TITLE **PSYCHO** BY PARANOID PABLO MARCOS...

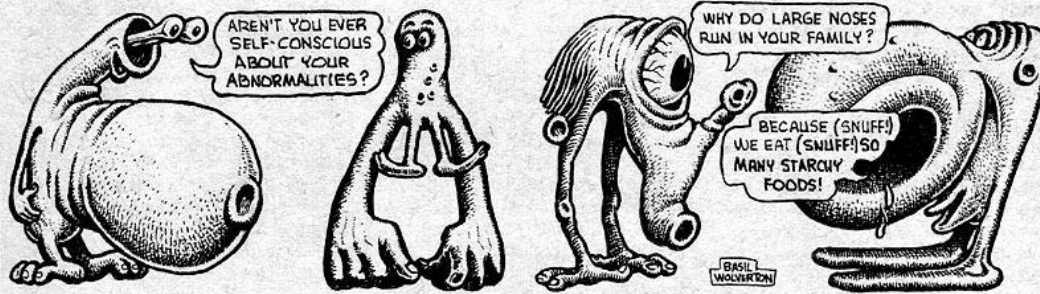




BASIL WOLVERTON

... some of you have been wondering where **ARCHAIC AL**, the editor of this crippled couplet of tearful titles... got the noxious notion to incorporate **ASTONISHING ALLITERATION** in his editorial ramblings... (alliteration is the dismaying devise whereby he strings strange words together like: crippled couplet — noxious notions — and so forth)... **WELL...** he (who also writes allatime in the proverbial editorial 3rd person singular which gets confusing after awhile) admittedly acknowledges, and gracefully, that the idea all stemmed from the mad mind of **BASIL WOLVERTON**...
... **BEASTLY BASIL** is the wonder of the age... his macabre cartoons and weird stories have appeared for the last 40 odd years (and we **DO** mean **ODD**) in uncountable publications... including **LIFE**, **MAD** and several of his own now-deceased comic publications... one of the most delightful of which was touchingly titled: **POWERHOUSE PEPPERS**... the photograph you see is of none other than the guy—we're talking about—himself... and the 2 preposterous pictures of the peculiar people were drawn especially for **NIGHTMARE** and **YOU** by this **LUNATIC-MAN**...
—a man we are all profoundly proud to have as an honorary member of the **MOOD-TEAM**...

PRODUCER OF PREPOSTEROUS PICTURES OF PECULIAR PEOPLE WHO PROWL THIS PERPLEXING PLANET



... the **HEAP** himself is one good character... a big ugly sponge who wants to die... a whole big world who wants him to die... but he **CAN'T** die... this is certainly a new one on me...

John Sech

of Jackson, Ohio
—the **WHOLE** world doesn't want him to die... there's one guy we know in **POLAND** who is against death of **ANY** kind...

... and thanks to other **HEAP** fans: Steven Utley, Lenny Senecal, William Arnig, Jim Cabepa, Kurt Krause, Bob Rozakis, Jonathan Schwartz, Vic Kaminskas, and Ray Watson...

... something we recommend is our own **Brigand Bernie Wrightson's BADTIME STORIES**... a collection of astonishing short stories, all of them previously **UNPUBLISHED**. **BADTIME STORIES** is NOT a fanzine, far-from-it, it is a lavishly produced magazine-book that is well-worth the \$5.00 (plus 50¢ postage and handling) price you'll want to pay to **GRAPHIC MASTERS PUBLISHERS**, Box 326, Great Neck, N.Y. 11022 for **Bad Bernie's: THE LAST HUNTERS; AIN'T SHE SWEET; THE TASK; KING OF THE MOUNTAIN, MAN; THE REAPER OF LOVE, and UNCLE BILL'S BARRELL** Bygone **Bernie's** superb illustrations will be regularly

appearing in these **HORROR-MOOD** magazines... like his featured back-cover illustration for **NIGHTMARE** #9... **THE THING IN THE ALLEY**... and in this issue his **FROGS** illustration...

... while we're on the matter of other magazines... the editors of this periodical are aware of the existence of many amateur-produced 'fanzines' that frequently feature some excellent graphic works. We will be happy to give a **SMALL** review and plug to any magazines you send in to us that we **LIKE**... if you're not **VERY VERY** proud of your mag don't even bother... we will share only the very **BEST** fanzines with our readers...
... crudzines need not apply...

WATCH for a surprise... and a surprise it IS... it'll **CHOKO YOUR MIND**... we'll soon be announcing something **NEW** and **SPECIAL** from the **HORROR-MOOD HOUSE OF SKYWALD** in a full-page-ad... watch your watch, for when the time comes it'll spindle, staple, package and mail you right into **TOMORROW-VILLE**...

... but right now here are some things we **CAN** tell you about... bid weird welcome to **Horrible Harry Roland** who had just joined the **MOOD-TEAM**... his first story for us is **Archaic Al's: GREED**... **Horrible Harry** is gonna be a **REGULAR** artist... we just **KNOW IT**...

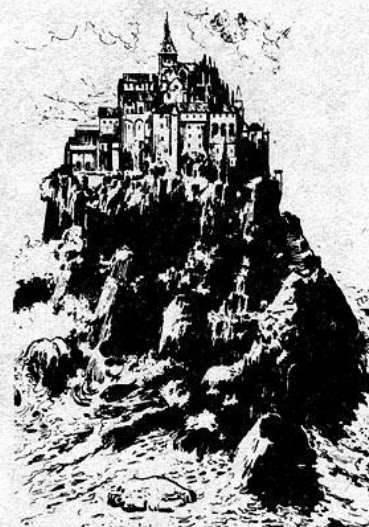
... **Macabre Maelo Cintron** is busy at the moment too on **PETER PIPER PICKED A PECK OF PICK-LED CORPSES**... when he's finished he'll be right back at work on chapter 3 of **THE HUMAN GAR-GOYLES** for the next **NIGHTMARE** (#11)... **ONLY THE STRONG SHALL SURVIVE**...

... our first contribution from the readership ranks will be appearing soon — from **Awkward Augustine Funnell** a tortured tale of astounding justice: **MONSTER MONSTER ON THE WALL**... watch for it **SOON**...

... we're just **NOW** planning **PSYCHO** # 11... and inside that insipid issue you can count on seeing **Dying Doug Moench's: THE DEATH OF THE 80TH VICTIM**... **Emotionally-disturbed Ed Fedory** with **THE CRIME IN SATAN'S CRYPT**... **Drowning Dennis Fujitake** teaming up with **Archaic Al** for **THE NIGHT OF THE MUTANT-EATERS**... on sale in 2 months... hope you'll dig it...

... in closing now we want to thank the following readers for their warm comments about certain features... **Alice McLaughlin** of Detroit, Michigan; **Dave Kalis** of Clayton, Missouri; **Mark Lehman** of Apple Creek, Ohio; **Saul Diaz** of Brooklyn, New York; **Hal (Old Favorite) Turner** of San Jose, California; **Wayne Fosky**

of Cordele, Georgia; **Michael Sapin** of East Northport, New York; **Michael Delaney** of Bronx, New York; **Grace Fuller** of Tucson, Arizona; and to **Charles Windham**, of somewhere unidentified!!...



NOTICE: A free one year subscription to this magazine to the first reader who correctly defines: **PRIMAL-SPINAL** (indeed, if **ANY-BODY** can...)

R.I.P. folk

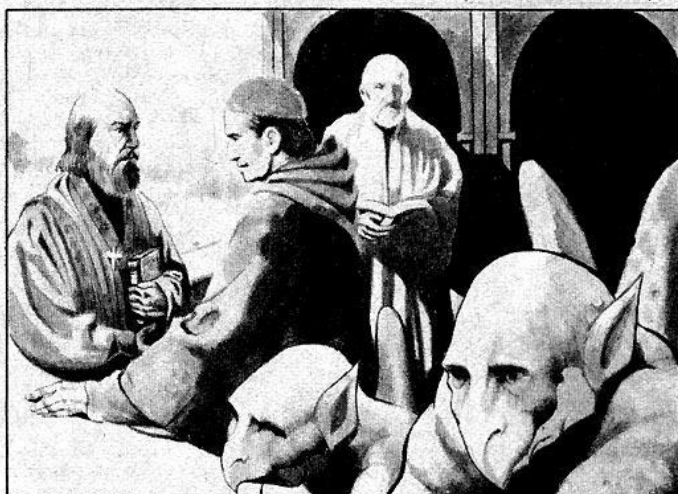


IN THE **END** EDWARD AND MINA SARTYROS WORRIED ABOUT TOMORROW...
TOMORROW IS ALREADY **TODAY**, YET, LET US LOOK AT YESTERDAY
TO ESTABLISH OUR **BEARINGS**...

ONCE UPON A TIME THERE WERE
TWO GARGOYLES CEMENTED
A TOP A EUROPEAN
CATHEDRAL...



THEY LEARNED THE LESSONS WELL OF THE
PRIESTS WHO CAME TO CHANT AND CHAT WITH
ONE-ANOTHER ON THE NARROW BENCH
BEHIND THEIR PARAPET...THEY LEARNED OF
SHAKESPEARE...KIPLING...DOSTOYEVSKY...
THE **MASTERS**...THE MASTERS OF **LIFE**...



THEN CAME THE DAY WHEN THEY WERE FINISHED AS
ORNAMENTS...WHEN LIFE TOOK HOLD OF SHEER
STONE AND TWISTED IN TILL IT BREATHED...



NOW IT IS WEEKS LATER--
A SHATTERING **BATTLE**
IS OVER, AND NOW THERE
IS QUIET IN THE BACK
OF A **BARN**...



...UTTER
QUIET...

MINA...
DEAR MINA...

...SSSH...

EDWARD!

...OH GOD EDWARD...
I CAN **FEEL** IT...
I... EDWARD...

...**A CHILD...**

...**MY
CHILD...**

1 AND 1 EQUALS 3;
IT IS THE ETERNAL
LAW, ONE RARELY
REVOKED, EVEN
FOR BEINGS
ONCE OF STONE...
AND THE **LAW**
IS THE **LAW**...
AND SO STARTS
OUR TALE

CHAPTER TWO OF *THE HUMAN GARGOYLES...*

I and I equals 3

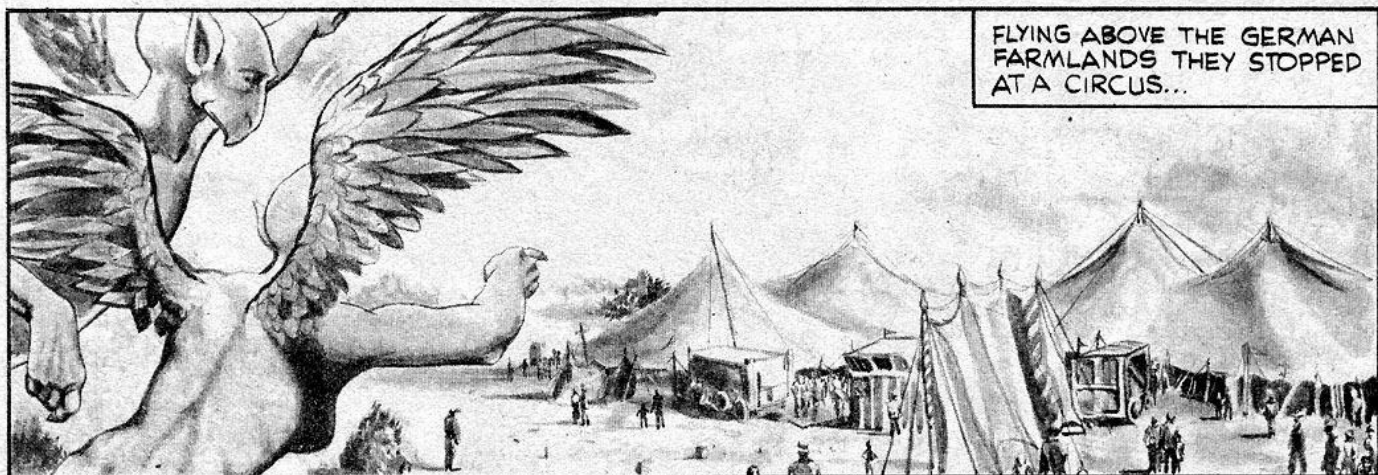
LET US RE-CAP AGAIN, JUST BRIEFLY,
WHILE EDWARD AND MINA WALK BACK TO
THE CIRCUS WITH THEIR NEWBORN... THEY
HAVE NOTHING TO SAY TO US AT THE
MOMENT ANYWAY... THEIR THOUGHTS ARE
DEEP INSIDE EACH OTHER...



... WEEKS AGO THEY THEMSELVES WERE BORN--BORN
ANCIENT, BUT THE WORD 'BORN' IS CORRECT ENOUGH--
WHEN THEY STOOD OVER THE SHALLOW EVIL THING
EDWARD HAD CONQUERED NEAR FRIEDBURG... THEY
THEN SPOKE IN HOLLOW TERMS OF TOMORROW...



...WONDERING IF IT WOULD HOLD ANYTHING BETTER THAN
THE TORMENT OF UNLIFE THEY HAD KNOWN FOR **CENTURIES**...



FLYING ABOVE THE GERMAN
FARMLANDS THEY STOPPED
AT A CIRCUS...



... ONE WHICH BOASTED **FREAKS**--
... A FAT KID...
... A GIRAFFE LADY
... THE FROG-FACED MAN...

AND **NOW**-- THE **HUMAN GARGOYLES**...
COULD ANY PLACE ON **EARTH** BE MORE
SUITABLE FOR THESE TWO BAD-BORN
THAN A **FREAK TENT**?



NOW THEY ARE WARMLY GREETED BY THEIR FELLOW
PERFORMERS-CIRCUS PEOPLE ARE **GOOD PEOPLE**... MANY OF
THEM **SELECT** THIS ROVING LIFE-MANY OF THEM ARE **FORCED** INTO
IT...BUT WHY-EVER THE REASON THEY QUICKLY MOLD INTO A TIGHT-KNIT
GROUP OF **FRIENDS**...WHO ASK NO **QUESTIONS**...AND GIVE NO **ANSWERS**

BUT IN EVERY BARREL
OF PEOPLE... THERE IS
SOME-ONE ROTTEN
TO THE **CORE**...



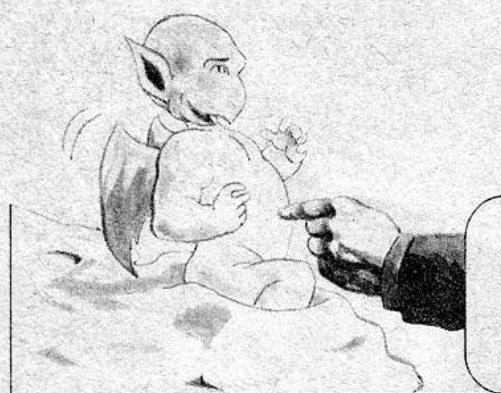
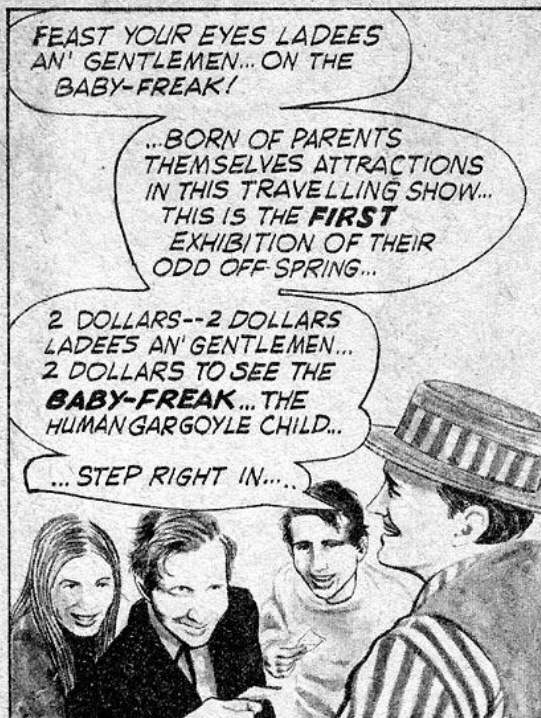
OF **COURSE** I'LL TAKE GOOD CARE
OF YOUNG ANDREW...YOU HAVE A NICE
REST... SHOP FOR WHATEVER STRIKES
YOUR FANCY... THIS A LARGE CITY--I'M
SURE YOU CAN BUY WHATEVER
CLOTHES AND TOYS YOU WANT FOR
THE BOY... I'LL TAKE CARE OF HIM...



...YEH... I'LL TAKE
CARE OF HIM...

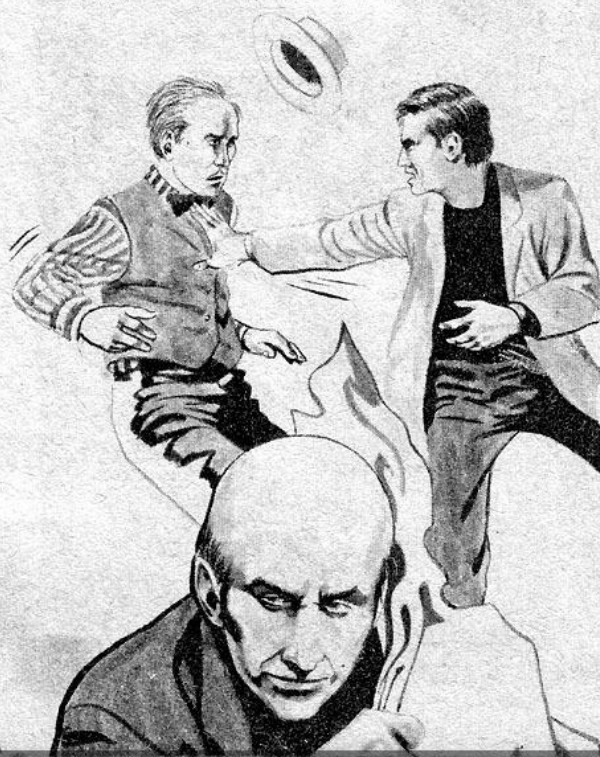


IT WAS ONLY
DAYS BEFORE
MINA BECAME
PREGNANT...
ONLY **WEEKS**
TILL THE CHILD
WAS **COMPLETED**
WITHIN HER...



SATAN **HIMSELF** WILL TAKE AN INTEREST... HE WAS INFURIATED AT THE DEFEAT OF HIS 'I' WEAPON-BEAST IN FRIEDBURG... **NOW**, WITH OUR ASSISTANCE THE MASTER WILL BE **AVENGED**...

NOW, SOMETIME LATER... WHEN THE GARGOYLE COUPLE ARE TOLD OF THE KIDNAPPING OF THEIR CHILD...



...I HAVE SPOKEN WITH
SATAN AND HIS
DIRECTIONS ARE EXPLICIT...
HE LEAVES NO ROOM FOR
FAILURE...NO QUESTION OF
ANOTHER **EMBARRASSMENT**
TO THE CULT...TO
THE **MASTER**...

THIS TIME...
THIS TIME HE'LL
COMFRONT THEM
PERSONALLY...

AT 10:30
THAT NIGHT EDWARD
AND MINA SARTYROS
WALK THRU DARK
EVIL COBBLESTONED
ALLEYS THAT WEAVE
AND TWIST AS DOES
THEIR FATE... RAIN
HAD FALLEN SOMETIME
EARLIER... MINA HAD
STUMBLED MORE
THAN **ONCE** AND HER
MATE HAD CAUGHT
HER FALL--GENTLE
FOR A **MOMENT**
EVEN THO WITHIN
HIM SEETHES
UNBRIDLED **HATRED**
AT THE MACABRE MAN
WHO LEADS THEM INTO
AN UNHOLY PLACE
IN THIS CITY...

...WHERE AWAITS THEIR CHILD...

HOLD! ONE STEP TOWARDS
THIS CHILD ASSURES HIS
IMMEDIATE **DEATH...**

**YOU... IT WAS YOU
WHO TOOK MY
CHILD FROM ME...**

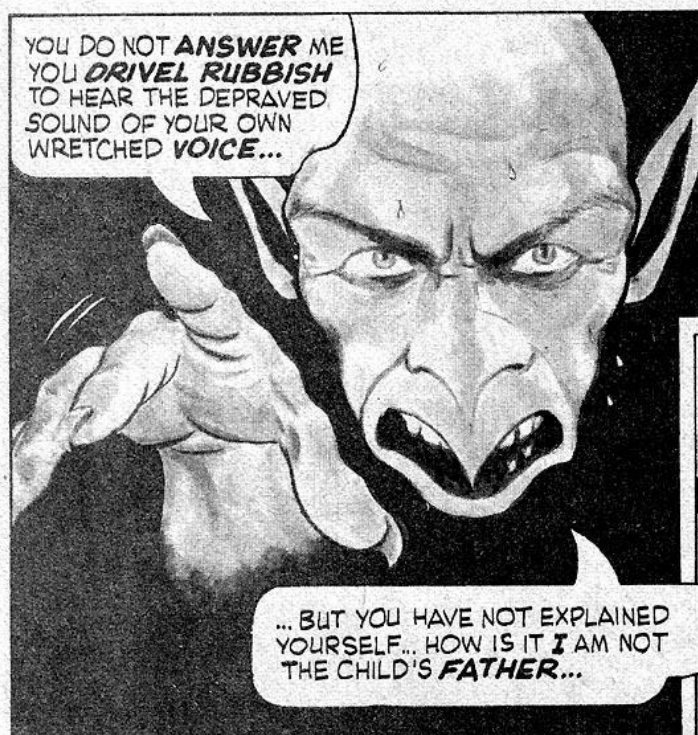
THE MASTER IS PRESENT...
HE WILL SUFFER NO
INSOLENCE FROM ONE
SUCH AS **YOU**...

WHATEVER CHILDISH
CONTRIVANCE YOU CALL
A **MASTER** IS TRYING MORE
THAN MY **PATIENCE**... HE
THREATENS MY VERY **SANITY**..

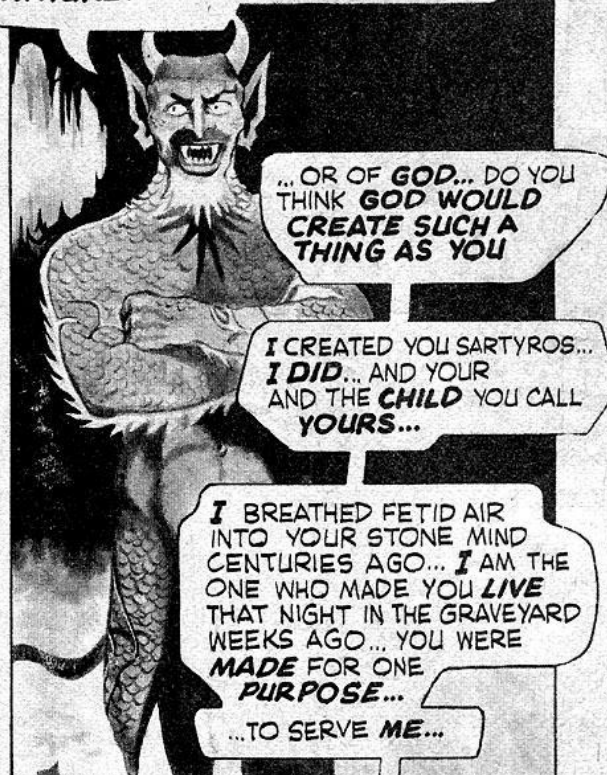
...SAY OR DO WHAT YOU
WILL **NOW...QUICKLY...** IN
A MOMENT I'LL LOSE
MY SENSE OF REASON AND
REDUCE THIS DISGUSTING
DEN OF DEPRAVITY TO
UTTER **RUBBLE!**

NOT **QUITE**--I MERELY
TOOK WHAT WAS
ALREADY MINE...

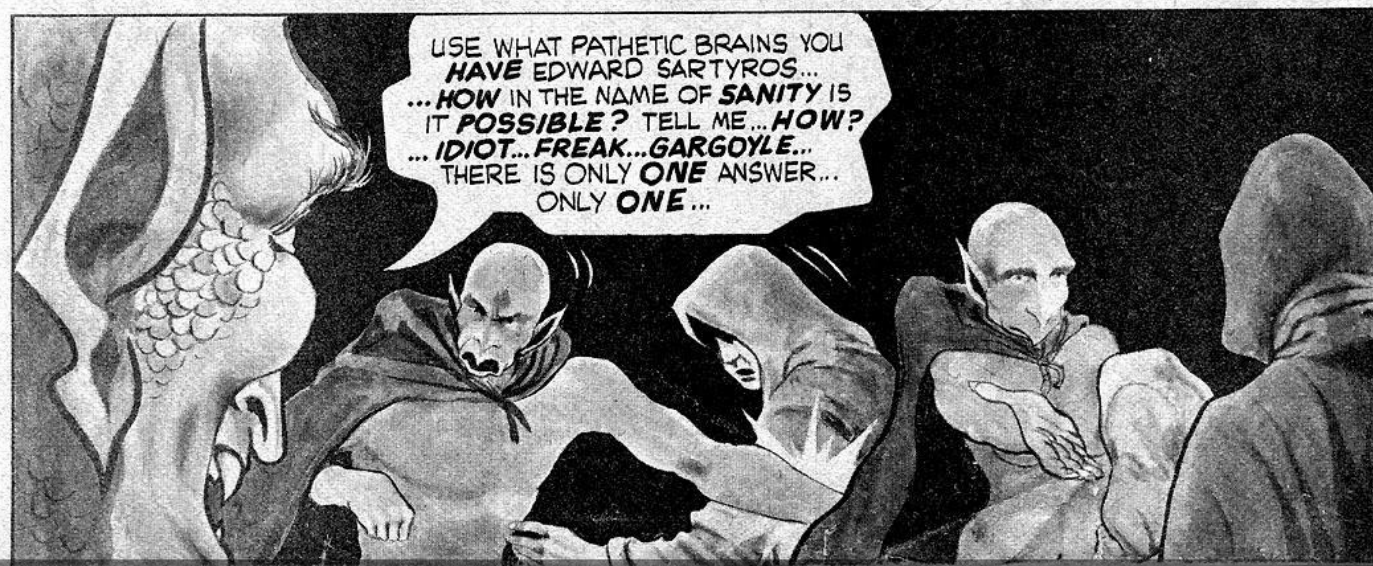
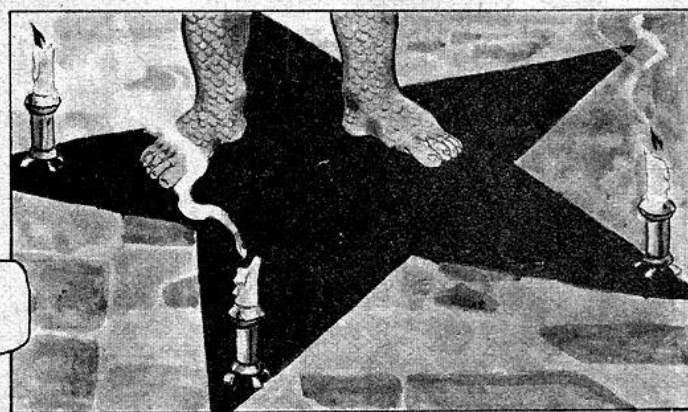
HE IS **NOT YOUR CHILD EDWARD...**
THEREIN LIES THE HUMOR OF YOUR
PATHETIC GROVELLING IN THE DUST
THAT DAY OF HIS **BIRTH...** HE IS NOT
YOUR EDWARD... HE IS
MY CHILD!



HOW **TOUCHING** YOU ARE... HOW **RIDICULOUS**... TO THINK YOU ARE SPAWNED OF SOME **ACCIDENT**... SOME PATHETIC ACCIDENT OF **NATURE**.



... BUT YOU **REJECT** THE OVERTURES OF **REASON**... INSTEAD YOU CLING TO YOUR BRITTLE BRAND OF **LUNACY**... INSTEAD YOU BLINDLY, THOUGHTLESSLY ATTACK MY DEVOTED WORSHIPPERS...



DON'T EVEN **BREATHE**
YOUR FILTHY THOUGHTS
SATAN...

...I WARN YOU...

YOU WARN ME!

STONE TRASH...YOUR SLEEPING
WOMAN HAD MORE **LUST** FOR **LIFE**
THAN YOU HAVE NOW **AWAKE**...
WITH THOSE WORDS YOU THREATEN
YOUR **VERY EXISTENCE**...

...MA MA...

... SLEEPING WIFE--
WHAT DO YOU MEAN

WHAT DO YOU THINK I MEAN
I AM **INCARNATE POWER**...
I DO WHAT I WILL
I VISITED YOUR...

LUNATIC DEITY...
FILTH
INCARNATE...

CCCCWWWWWWWHHHHUUUFFF

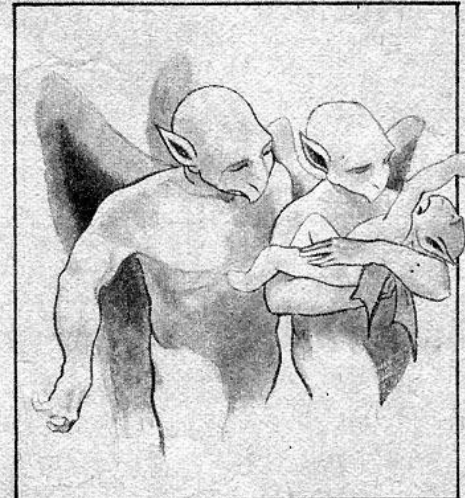
AN **EXPLANATION** IS IN ORDER...
REMEMBER SATAN IS **MANY**
THINGS... A LUNATIC... AN
UNBALANCED **FIEND**...



A SEMANTIC DYING MONSTROSITY
IN THIS WORLD AND HIS...
HE HAS **REASON** TO DO AND TO
SAY MANY MAD THINGS TO ACHIEVE
HIS **DECEITFUL** ENDS...

IT IS UNFORTUNATE THAT EDWARD
AND MINA SARTYROS CANNOT
REALIZE AS WE DO **ONE THING**
ABOUT CREEP SATAN...ONE THING
THAT **IS**...THE **EXPLANATION**...

THE MULTI-MINDED MONARCH
OF FILTH IS FIRST AND **FOREMOST**...
A LIAR!



EDWARD...WHAT ARE
WE TO DO? WHAT
ARE WE TO THINK
NOW?

...I...
DON'T
KNOW...

WE MUST **LEAVE HERE**...NOW...
BRING ANDREW UP IN **ANOTHER**
PLACE...TRY TO FORGET...
TRY TO **REASON IT OUT**...

BUT
WHERE
EDWARD?

SOMEPLACE **DISTANT**...PERHAPS
AWAY FROM EUROPE **ALTOGETHER**...
PERHAPS IN **AMERICA**... WHERE EVERYONE
SPEAKS OF FREEDOMS AND **LIBERTY**...
PERHAPS **I** AM **NAIVE**...TO BELIEVE THERE
IS A PLACE WHERE WE CAN LIVE AS
DECENT **HUMAN BEINGS**...
...PERHAPS WE ARE NOTHING MORE THAN
THE **JOKE** SATAN INFERS WE ARE...
...IF SO WOMAN-MINA--THERE IS
NOTHING **LOST**...NOTHING **GAINED**...

IN THIS UTTERLY ENTANGLED, ESTRANGED WEB OF ULTIMATE DECEIT IT IS PERHAPS **BETTER** TO DEAL IN
ROMANTIC CLICHES THAT SOMEHOW SEEM TO PROMISE A TOMORROW BETTER THAN TODAY
... AND THEN AGAIN... WHO'S KIDDING WHO... HUH?

NEXT:...IN EVERY BATTLE...ONLY THE STRONGEST SHALL SURVIVE!

...Slide into the lunatic-emotional
mad-macabre **HORROR MOOD...**

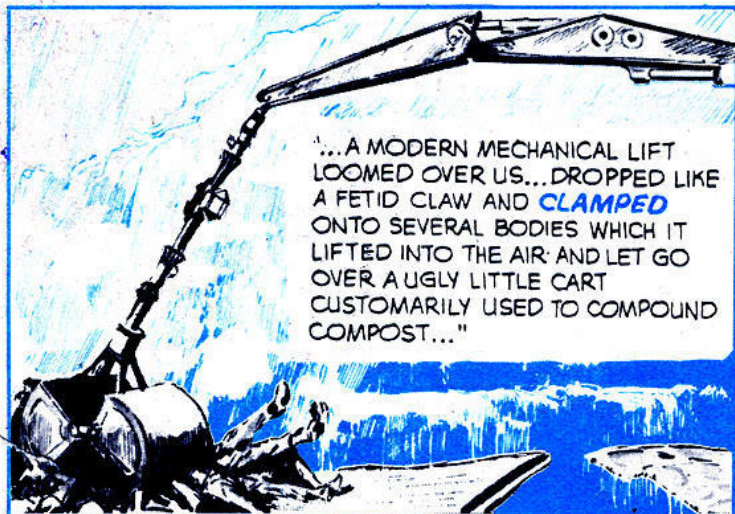
...GET INTO THE **HORROR-MOOD** INSIDE THIS
NOXIOUS NIGHTMARE # 10

IN ...

THE FUNERAL BARGE

...THE CORPSE-RIDDEN EMOTION-EVOKING
TALE OF ASTONISHING ABOMINATIONS
BY **ARCHAIC AL HEWETSON...**

"...BACK IT CAME AGAIN... LIFTING
LIMP HUMAN CORPSES AND
DUMPING THEM INTO THE COMPOST
HEAP... THEN AS IT RETURNED FOR
ITS FINAL LOAD I FELT MY
HEART LEAP INTO MY STOMACH
AND MY MIND GO MAD... FOR THE
SILVER MECHANICAL CLAWS
CAUGHT MY ARM AND **CLENCHED**
AND **DUG** INTO IT DEEPLY... I
BEGAN TO SCREAM AND DUG MY
TEETH INTO THE ARM OF A
NEIGHBORING 'PASSENGER' TO
PREVENT THE **BELLOW** OF
HORROR THAT WOULD'VE SPEWED
FROM MY **THROAT...**"



"...A MODERN MECHANICAL LIFT
LOOMED OVER US... DROPPED LIKE
A FETID CLAW AND **CLAMPED**
ONTO SEVERAL BODIES WHICH IT
LIFTED INTO THE AIR AND LET GO
OVER A UGLY LITTLE CART
CUSTOMARILY USED TO COMPOUND
COMPOST..."

...LURCH INTO **LUNACY** WITH EMOTIONALLY-
DISTURBED **ED FEDORY** IN **BLACK COMMUNION...**

...EXCITE YOUR **PRIMAL-SPINAL** IN
DYING **DOUG MOENCH'S**
PROVERBIAL KILLER ...

...LOOSEN YOUR **BRAIN-PEBBLES** WITH
THE **MOOD-TEAM'S** **WEIRDEST** COLLECTION
YET OF **FEAR FRAUGHT FANTASY FABLES...**
IN THIS BLOATED-FAT-ISSUE FEATURING
FROGS, THE PRINCESS OF EARTH,
THEY CRAWLED OUT A CRATER, DEMONIC
POSSESSION, SATAN'S GELLAR, AND
THE HUMAN GARGOYLES IN: ONE
AND ONE EQUALS THREE... MERELY
A FEW OF THE MANY-MACABRE
THINGS YOU'LL FIND INSIDE...

